

PUNCH



FEBRUARY

15
1950

—
Vol. CCXVIII
No. 5699



PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

All this



and a 7 too!

ABDULLA

No. 7 'Virginia' Cigarettes 20 for 3/-
ALSO Abdulla Turkish and Egyptian

Each time you handle an article you
increase its cost. Move it mechanically

The MotoVveyor

At least 1 A. power driven, portable conveyor.
When the most efficient results, it can be
extended or shortened to a number of lengths.



The RolaVveyor

Also portable, The RolaVveyor increases gravity
to the needs of production. Gravity feeds articles
over hills, and works twenty-four hours a day.



These conveyors save time and money.
Write for full particulars (quote reference A 20)

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Regent Square, Gray's Inn Road,
London, W.C.1
Telephone : TERMINUS 6141
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*...perhaps the
finest made*

Driway Weathercoats and Sportswear are stocked by
leading stores and outfitters throughout the country.



good shoes - **K** shoes

*Jim K's choice
for a man's
lighter moments*

Casual and very comfortable, I'm
your shoe for week-end or week-
long wear. K craftsmen have made
me a winner in brown calf or brown
buck sides. Ask for the K MONK
SHOE. Price 60/-.

UNDERWEAR TYPES



*The
Bundler..*

*He wears the kind of pants that make
Festoons about his waist,
His tailor is ashamed of him,
His wife deplores his taste.*



*He ought to see a Wolsey man,
Whose lightsome basic kit
Is shapely and Apollo-like,
And Duo-shrunk to fit.*

Wolsey

Wolsey Ltd, Leicester

DUO-SHRUNK UNDERWEAR & SOCKS



Improved supplies of the authentic "MOTOLUXE" Fur Fabric Coats are now becoming available through the leading Retail Stores. In case of difficulty write to us for the address of the nearest Agent.

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MOTOLUXE

The coarsest of COATS

*MOTOLUXE MOTOR BUGS are again obtainable in the home trade.

1840—Established over 100 Years—1950



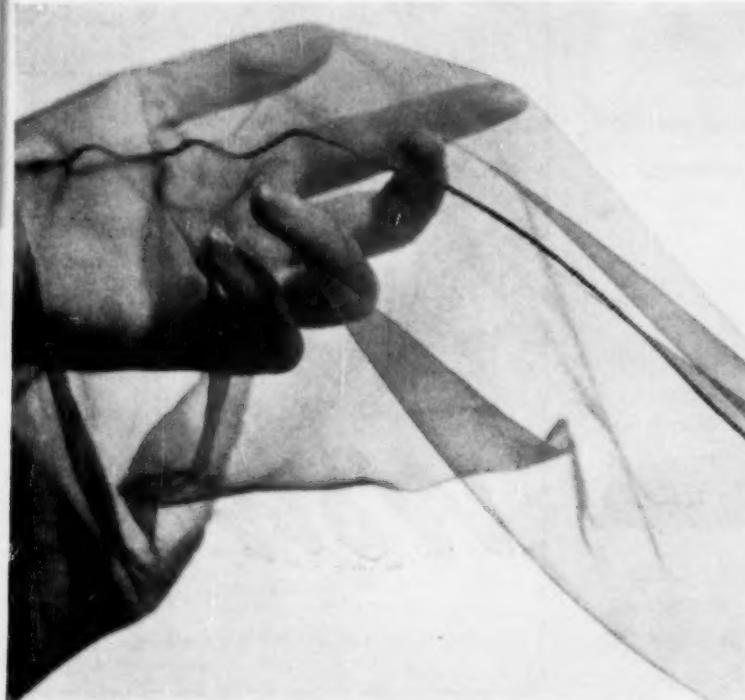
From the earliest days of domestic history, good household linen has been the subject of great pride and for generations housewives have been proud to say their sheets, pillowcases and towels were made by Horrockses. The name commands respect in every woman's mind and shall ever stand for quality the world over.

Horrockses

the Greatest Name in Cotton

SHEETS · PILLOWCASES · TOWELS · DRESS GOODS · FURNISHINGS · ETC.

HORROCKSES LTD., LIVERPOOL, 5, LANCASHIRE, PRESTON, MANCHESTER, SALTBURN, LEXON



During their triumphant tour of America and Canada, all the members of the Sadler's Wells Ballet wore Aristoc nylons off-stage. Aristoc, along with Britain's leading fashion designers, are proud to have been associated with so distinguished a company.



THE ARISTOCRAT OF STOCKINGS

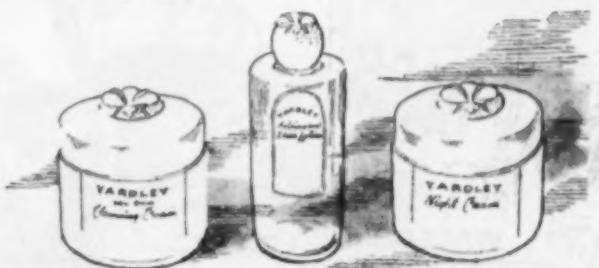


Is it your beautiful morning?

Not if you went to bed last night with a neglected face! But if you cared for it with Yardley, it's a different story. Never be too tired to cleanse your pores deeply with Dry Skin Cleansing Cream. Then tone up with Astringent Skin Lotion. Two or three times a week smooth in Yardley Night Cream until your face glows. This will keep your skin soft and clear and discourage wrinkles. That's the way to light up your own good looks! And why not an expert treatment occasionally at the Yardley Salon.

YARDLEY

33 OLD BOND STREET LONDON



Jacqmar

present

Slipper Satins
from France

in the newest Paris couture colours
from 42/- to 100/- per yard

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A Jamal wave brings out
your individuality. All we
hairdressers know it's
right for any hairstyle—
short or long."

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LUXURIOUS PERMANENT WAVING
...MACHINELESS
...KINDEST TO YOUR HAIR

The garden needs grubbing out,
and hints grow plainer
that your wife's fur coat
is not fit to be seen.
The superior charlady
no longer obliges,
and a pile of greasy dishes
is your target for tonight.
Succumb to temptation
and take comfort in the arms
of your Parker-Knoll.



The
CAMPDEN MODEL
Ask to see it at your
local Furnishers. To be
sure you get the genuine
article, see that the
tailor who writes the name
"Parker-Knoll" on your
receipt.

Parker-Knoll

PARKER-KNOLL LIMITED · TEMPLE END · HIGH WYCOMBE · BUCKS

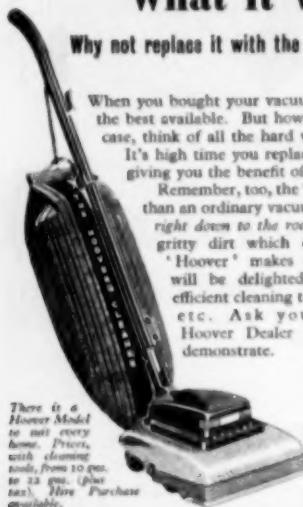
CNS-24

Is Your Vacuum Cleaner what it was?

Why not replace it with the New **HOOVER CLEANER**?

When you bought your vacuum cleaner it may have been the best available. But how long ago was that? In any case, think of all the hard work it has done since then. It's high time you replaced it with a new 'Hoover', giving you the benefit of all the latest features.

Remember, too, the 'Hoover' does so much more than an ordinary vacuum cleaner. It cleans carpets right down to the roots, removing the trodden-in gritty dirt which cuts the pile. Thus, the 'Hoover' makes carpets last longer. You will be delighted, too, with the extremely efficient cleaning tools for curtains, upholstery, etc. Ask your Hoover Dealer to demonstrate.



THE HOOVER DOES SO
MUCH MORE THAN
ORDINARY VACUUM
CLEANERS

The Hoover lifts every
little section of the carpet
from the floor in turn, and,
by means of the exclusive
Agitator (above) gently
beats it to remove
the dirt. It thus extracts
the harmful, gritty dirt
from the carpet roots.

The HOOVER
BRITISH TRADE MARK
CLEANER
It BEATS...as it Sweeps...as it Cleans

HOOVER LIMITED · PERIVALE · GREENFORD · MIDDLESEX

a book

about

furnishing

fabrics



You can get many charming ideas for interior decoration from the new Old Bleach book "At Your Service". It contains pictures, many in colour, of these well-known Irish fabrics as they are used in up-to-date homes; it also gives you a clear impression of the beauty and variety of Old Bleach furnishings in linen, wool, cotton and rayon—all fast to light and washing. Send a postcard for it to the address below.

OLD BLEACH CARPETS — fine quality Wilton in an exceptionally lovely range of colours are now to be found at the best stores.

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FURNISHINGS LTD.
Dept F5, Randalstown,
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There's nothing as good as
DUNLOPILLO



Look for the Name . . .

DUNLOPILLO

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Obtainable from good furnishers. Write for price list to :—
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London : 19/20 New Bond Street, W.I.

SD/217H

Quality has made *Ovaltine* the World's most popular Food Beverage— and the World's Best Nightcap



QUALITY first! . . . is the guiding principle in the manufacture of 'Ovaltine'. This delicious food beverage is prepared from Nature's finest foods, and products of the famous 'Ovaltine' Farms set the highest standards for the malt, milk and eggs used. 'Ovaltine' contains nutritive elements of the greatest value for promoting radiant health, and for building up body, brain and nerves.

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For all these reasons be sure you make 'Ovaltine' the regular day-time and bed-time beverage for every member of your family. Remember 'Ovaltine' provides the highest possible quality at the lowest possible price.

A. Wunder Ltd. By Appointment
'Ovaltine' Manufacturers
to H.M. The King.

Ovaltine



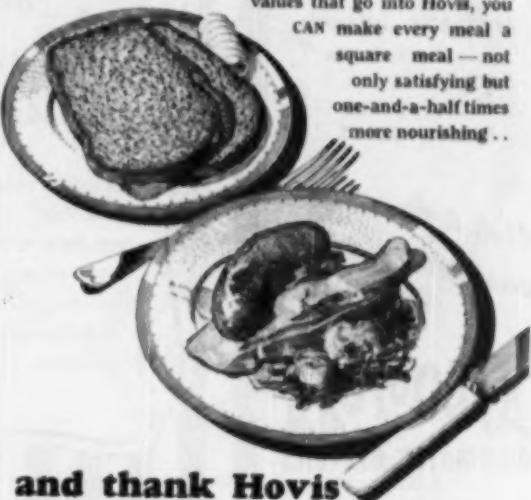
The Ovaltine Egg Farm
extending over 400 acres and with
accommodation for 100,000 birds.

All in the
interests
of
Quality

The Ovaltine Dairy Farm with
its renowned herd of prize-winning Jersey Cows

Every meal a square meal . . .

On the strength of the extra food values that go into Hovis, you CAN make every meal a square meal—not only satisfying but one-and-a-half times more nourishing . . .



and thank Hovis
for that

The fire that
everybody's talking
about!

The

SOFONO

BURNS ALL NIGHT
EVERY NIGHT



Can be easily installed in existing fireplaces *Suitable for 14", 16" and 18" fireplace openings *Burns all types of solid fuel—Coke, Coal, Coalite, Slack *Gives perfect radiant heat. If a back boiler is fitted constant hot water is assured *Simple air control *Gas ignition, fitted if required, saves time in lighting *Very economical on fuel *Wide range of beautiful limestone finishes.

14", 16" and 18" sizes available. Prices from 77.9 to 106.6 according to size and colour. Available also as Convector model—16" size only.

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EVER SINCE
1824

Angostura

aromatic bitters

has added flavour to
SOUPS
FRUIT JUICES
FRESH FRUITS

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Use a few drops
and KNOW the NEW
flavour

ANGOSTURA AROMATIC BITTERS

ANGOSTURA BITTERS
(Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons) LIMITED
Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I.
(1)

Adastrā

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FOR MEN



In the choicest materials —
GABERDINE — velour profused
"PLUSUEDE" — velour cloth
"VENTILE" — self-sealing fabric

London
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Blended originally for an exclusive circle of pipe smokers, this special blend now enjoys an increasing demand created by the recommendations of its devotees.

Easy
Starting!
Better
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Models for all
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Standard
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where
good taste
and
pleasure
meet

Dry Monopole CHAMPAGNE

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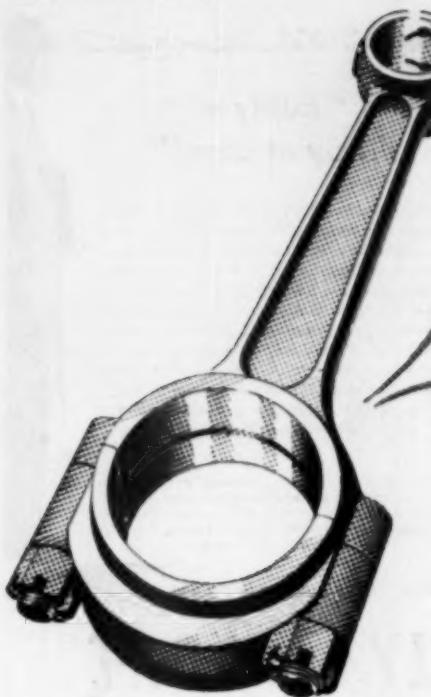
Fill a Sparklets Syphon with water, "charge" it with a Sparklets Bulb — and instantly a syphon of fresh zesty "soda" is yours! You're never without "soda" with a Sparklets Syphon — refilling takes only a few moments. Distinctive . . . handsome . . . in chromium with red, green or black relief, the Streamline model harmonizes with any surroundings. Price complete with Drip Tray 74/9d.

Supplies limited due to export needs.

Ask your chemist or stores for particulars or write for illustrated leaflet to —

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SPARKLETS
Refillable SYPHONS



Give me
Castrol
every time



*The Masterpiece in Oils—approved by
every British car and motor cycle maker*

INCENTIVE isn't pumped in!

It's no mere 'airy' notion to sell more Henley tyres! Incentive is an industrial method that *works*—and ensures that every process is carried out with extra care and keenness.

The Henley Incentive Scheme means better pay for better work. Better work — means better tyres for you!



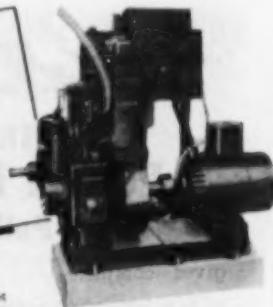
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BUILT WITH INCENTIVE

HENLEY'S TYRE AND RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED
MILTON COURT, DORKING, SURREY Works: GRAVESEND KENT



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your own
***POWER
STATION**



The complete automatic generating plant supplying 240 volts Standard City Mains Current for lighting, heating, electric milking, shearing and every modern electrical aid, without storage batteries and making possible the all-electric home or farm in any rural area.

Made in Britain by the largest manufacturers of small automatic A.C. generating plant in the British Commonwealth.

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PRICES FROM £25 to £800.

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● AUTOMATIC STARTING AT THE TOUCH OF ANY SWITCH. Continuous current is generated until the last switch is turned off.

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● SUPPLIED IN ALL SIZES TO SUIT ANY FARM, LARGE OR SMALL. Models available A.C. or D.C. 120 watts to 35 KVA, to operate on Petrol, Paraffin or Diesel Oil.



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THE
ABBEY NATIONAL

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which recently celebrated its hundredth anniversary, is marking the occasion by a relaxation of its investment restrictions. Until further notice existing shareholders may add any sum to their share accounts, provided the total does not exceed £5,000. New shareholders may invest up to £5,000. (Husband and wife are considered as one for this purpose.)

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borne by the
Society

This is a
Safety-First
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Established 1825



Assets £63,000,000

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gives complete security until retirement, with a pension thereafter during the lifetimes of your wife and yourself.

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The Standard Life Assurance Company

HEAD OFFICE: 3 GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH

London: 3 Abchurch Yard, Cannon Street, E.C.4
15a Pall Mall, S.W.1

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I'll fly at once!”**

Competition in today's rapidly changing markets waits for no man. Buyers and sellers with overseas interests know that a decision made today in Egypt, South America or South Africa, for example, may well mean a flying trip there tomorrow. They know, too, that 175,000 miles of Speedbird routes to 51 countries on all six continents enable them to fly without delay, swiftly and in comfort—on one ticket all the way. Complimentary meals are served en route. No tips or extras for prompt, courteous attention. It's part of B.O.A.C.'s 31-year-old tradition of Speedbird service.



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FLY BRITISH BY B.O.A.C.

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION IN ASSOCIATION WITH QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS LIMITED, SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS & TASMAN EMPIRE AIRWAYS LIMITED

**The Finest Pipe
that Money can Buy
... and the Finest Tobacco**



The "Foursome" Pipe, skilfully fashioned in many beautiful shapes from old briarwood root is truly a pipe for the connoisseur.

"FOURSOME" TOBACCO
This ripe tobacco is blended by experts to an old fashioned recipe, free from artificial flavours it provides a smoke of rich and rare enjoyment.

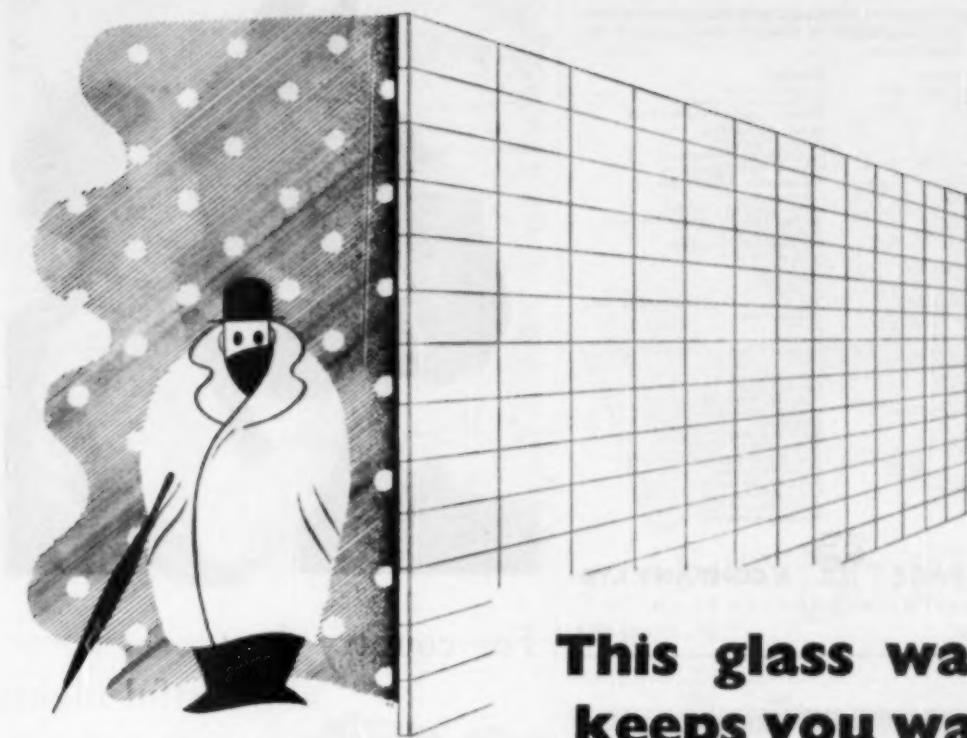
"Foursome" Pipes & "Foursome" Tobacco are for the discriminating smoker; they are obtainable only at high class tobacconists.

For address of nearest stockist write to the Robert Sinclair Tobacco Co. Ltd., Westgate Road, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1.

Foursome

Pipes and Tobacco

THE ROBERT SINCLAIR TOBACCO CO. LTD. BISHOPSHIPS FACTORY, WESTGATE ROAD, NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, 1.



This glass wall keeps you warm

New factories are having glass walls of Aluminex Double Glazing because this modern method opens up buildings to full daylight *without any sacrifice of weather protection*. In fact an Aluminex wall of glass can keep you as warm in winter (and as cool in summer) as one of solid brick.

Aluminex is the all-aluminium patent glazing system that makes windows as big as football pitches (the Brabazon Hangar north windows are longer than the Queen Mary). When Aluminex is double-glazed, with $\frac{1}{2}$ inch between outer and inner panes, you have a glass sidewall (or roof light) that Architects think highly of.

This shows
how Aluminex
Double Glazing
keeps out cold

- 1 A square foot of glass normally allows 1.1 British Thermal Units to pass through it every hour for each degree Fahrenheit of temperature-difference between the surfaces of the glass.
- 2 Two panes of glass $\frac{1}{2}$ inch apart, with still air between them—as in Aluminex Double Glazing—allows only 0.57 British Thermal Units to pass through.
- 3 This figure means that Aluminex Double Glazing has strong insulating power—remarkably close to that of a solid 9-inch brick wall, which transmits 0.64 British Thermal Units.

The Aluminex Division of WILLIAMS & WILLIAMS Ltd.
RELIANCE WORKS, CHESTER

London Address: Victoria House, Southampton Row, W.C.1. Tel: HOL. 9861

WILLIAM PAGE & CO LTD

Hotel, Restaurant & Canteen Plant & Equipment Suppliers

Beg to announce that they have recently been favoured with instructions for complete or partial installations of Catering Equipment by the following first-class organisations:

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Bourne & Hollingsworth, Ltd.
British Home Stores, Ltd.
Crusoe & Blackwell, Ltd.
Daily Sketch & Graphic
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MELTONIAN SHOE CREAM

I keep shoes polished and well preserved

says Mr. Meltonian

For the toilet of good shoes

Made in white and fashionable colours. Dumbfijns and Handtubes, Rd



For country days
and restful nights



MEN'S SHIRTS
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'Viyella'

IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF 'DAYELLA' AND 'CLYDELLA'

The underwear for a Man!



Sub Manufacturers and
Distributors in Great Britain:

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the new idea in beer at home



FLOWER'S SPECIAL BREW FOR YOU BY MAIL ORDER

The new Mail Order Service launched by Flowers of Stratford is proving very popular. Everyone who appreciates a really strong fine quality Ale is writing for delivery. 12 Nip (1-pint) bottles in a handy container delivered to your door—no deposit—nothing to return.

FLOWER & SONS LTD., Mail Order Department B.1. STRATFORD-ON-AVON

Write to-day
for illustrated
folder giving
full details to-

The Friendly Link...

A happy purpose is served by Capstan in providing a pleasant link of friendship in any company. This really good cigarette is made to make friends.



Have a
CAPSTAN

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

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Fly to a Commission
... in the R.A.F.

When you qualify for your wings it shows that the Royal Air Force has a high opinion of your mental and physical qualities. It is from among young men like you that the R.A.F. will choose its future leaders. That is why all Pilots and Navigators considered suitable are guaranteed commissions before starting their flying and officer training—subject to satisfactory completion of the course. This leads to promotion — high promotion if you are worthy. Age limits 17½—24 (exceptionally 25). There are also special opportunities for certain qualified Pilots, Navigators and Signallers above the age limits for direct entry.

Learn to fly in the
ROYAL AIR FORCE
and be trained to lead!

TO: AIR MINISTRY, DEPT. PU1, VICTORY HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2
• Small details of (1) direct entry to Flying Branch (2) special schemes for co-pilots and
navigators, (give previous rank) (3) special schemes for co-signallers

NAME _____

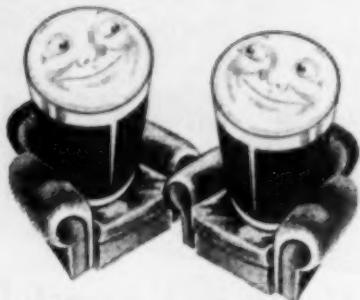
ADDRESS _____

AGE _____

* delete two of these



Have a GUINNESS
when you're tired,
my dear



GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

四庫全書



HOW ARE YOU FEELING THESE DAYS?

Vitality largely depends upon vitamins. You must have a sufficient vitamin intake if you are to have sufficient energy.



STRONGER! The vitamin content of Crookes Halibut Oil capsules has now been increased, although the price remains unchanged. Capsules, 25 for 2/6, 100 for 8/6.

TAKE **CROOKES**
HALIBUT OIL

MARMITE

for better cooking
EVERY day



Sold on 2001-10-14 at 1/1 - 400.12 - 6 nos. 2/2 - 16 cm. 6.7

WOMEN who know Marmite find themselves turning to it day after day, for sandwiches, soups, stews and all savoury dishes. There's so much you can do with Marmite — and MARMITE DOES SO MUCH FOR GOOD COOKING.

A large, hand-drawn style speech bubble is centered on the page. Inside the bubble, the words "I want" are written in a cursive, flowing script. Below "I want", the words "Cadburys!" are written in a larger, bold, cursive script. The background of the page is filled with a repeating pattern of the words "CHOCOLATE" and "CHOCOLATE" in a smaller, printed font. The "CHOCOLATE" words are stacked vertically, creating a textured, layered effect across the entire page.



CHARIVARIA

A CORRESPONDENT says he has received several letters from his income-tax inspector about a sum of 38s. 6d. on which it is alleged no tax has been paid. It would be interesting to know how many Inland Revenue officials are tied up in the supervision of "Have a Go."



A Northamptonshire steel-worker has patented a pipe that attracts rats by imitating their love-call. An apparatus of similar design reported from Hamelin before the war is said to have been dismantled under the Potsdam Agreement.

3

Will o' the Wisp

"Mr. ——, who died intestate, left £4,559, according to his will." —*Evening News*

3

An architect contends that the Elizabethans certainly knew the secret of economical building. Unwary callers at old-world cottages will agree that they had mastered the art of keeping the overheads low.

3

"Entertainment between dances at Peter Michael's party last night was reading the replies in verse to his rhyming invitation.

Peter's younger brother, Brian, helped him receive his guests, who included Judy Pearce, Frank and John Whitmont, Naomi Lands, Laurel Berkman, Ian Bloom, Betty Diamond.

They were pinned on the walls of the sunroom, at the home of his parents." —*Australian paper*

Much more fun than collecting butterflies.

3

Germany is now offering to send us ham in tins. This will save dollar expenditure on the Hollywood product.



2

Scientists have reported a tremendous explosion on Mars. Martian scientists expect to draw level quite soon.

3

From the Horse's Mouth

"Certain men are going around preaching a pure Tory doctrine but claiming at the same time to have some set-up with the Liberal Party.

We regret them. We, the derelict inheritors of the mantle of Palmerston, Gladstone, Asquith, and Lloyd George repudiate them utterly." —*Provincial paper*

One thing at least the Russians and Western Germans appear to have in common. Neither wants any of the other's truck.

3

A Lancastrian claims that more millionaires have been born in Lancashire than in any other county. Yorkshiremen will no doubt take this opportunity to point out that Lancashire is also very prolific of Barrow boys.

3

"A 22-foot long sea monster black skinned with white spots, was brought ashore by fishermen of Baba Island late on Wednesday night.

"It was first spotted by fishermen on Tuesday afternoon 25 miles west of Manora Island.

Indian paper

With what object?



3

A Hampstead engineer reports that an owl perches on his television aerial every night, about midnight, and hoots. The rest of us have contented ourselves with filling up the recent viewer research forms.

PARTY PIECE

I'M one of those who think this Government has done rather well. For that reason—and because I hadn't much on hand at the time—I'd been thinking of standing as a Labour candidate. I mentioned it to Sir George Bolster, who is influential in many different quarters and a useful man to have behind you. A fortnight ago he rang me up. Was I interested in Letherington? Would I care to go before the adoption committee?

The journey from Hampstead took five hours, including twenty minutes in a library, where I discovered that the northern town of Letherington was the centre of the crank winch industry. Promptly at seven o'clock I was shown into a room at the back of a dismal pub called the Letherington Arms Hotel. The committee looked quite a prosperous bunch; apparently crank winches paid good wages.

The chairman was a big fellow with a cigar, and I put him down as the local trade union boss. I answered his first question with quiet dignity, describing myself as a journalist. He wasn't as impressed as he should have been. Didn't I think there were too many journalists in Parliament already? I replied that there could be no better training for a political career; politicians, like journalists, had to be "Jacks of all trades." Besides, both professions demanded the same standards of probity and integrity.

They then got down to business. Did I subscribe to the party's programme and had I confidence in its leaders? I did and I had, but I firmly believed that a Member of Parliament owed it to himself to preserve his own independent judgment and not to become a mere pawn. All the same, they could count on my complete loyalty.

The chairman then asked my opinion on wage policy. I sensed this was a matter on which he felt strongly, and tried desperately, but without success, to recall whether the crank winch operatives were backing the wage freeze or opposing it. I trod warily. The new Government would have to grasp the nettle

of wage policy one way or the other if the inflationary spiral were to be flattened on to an even keel, otherwise . . . I was interrupted by a snort from a large woman with disapproval on her face and chalk on her blouse. I hastily added that the nation must, at all costs, honour its debt to the underpaid.

I was assailed by a faint odour of whisky and a sharp question on taxation. I had an answer pat. They would remember I had surveyed the whole question of taxes in the *Sunday Racket*. My articles had been outspoken but I recanted nothing. Taxes were very heavy, and the time might be approaching when we should have to reconsider our whole attitude to the tax system. Taxation should be scrupulously fair and not a penny higher than was essential. This was received with acclamation and several cigarettes were lit on the strength of it.

Then I became aware of a nervous man with an ill-fitting wig. His teeth clicked awkwardly as he asked if I was satisfied with the National Health Service. I tried to mollify the poor chap. Of course there were anomalies. I knew: I had investigated them for the *Racket*. It was amazing, for instance, what the dentists were extracting from the public. My aim would be to get things working smoothly (the teeth clicked in acquiescence) and to tidy

up loose ends (the wig nodded its agreement).

The chairman shifted the ground to foreign affairs, where of course I was thoroughly at home. I had not been foreign editor of *Home Truths* for nothing. My opinion—not lightly formed—was that we must co-operate equally with the Commonwealth, with Europe and with the United States. Everyone might not agree with me, but I was very conscious of Bevin's solid qualities.

They turned to local matters, and I had no alternative but to tell the truth: I had never been in Letherington before. But already I realized there was nowhere else quite like it and the grand contribution of the crank winch industry to the export drive was the envy of all Britain. If elected, whatever party was in power, I should see that Letherington was not obstructed by the ineptitude of Whitehall Civil Servants. This went down rather well, and after a few minor exchanges they let me go.

Two days later I received a letter. They congratulated me on my political acumen, referred to Sir George Bolster's recommendation and offered me the candidature. I still don't understand it. Perhaps I had unwittingly misled Sir George. Perhaps he had misled me. Perhaps it was all an ill-natured joke. I don't know; but the letter was from the Letherington Conservative Association.

6 6

THANKS TO A PATRON

(Conventional weather symbols: c, cloudy; o, overcast; f, fog; m, mist; r, rain; p, showers; h, hail; s, snow; tlr, thunderstorm; b, blue sky.)

IN the past year it has been ours to know
I skies c and o.
Losing each other in the f and m,
we've been too quick to scold or to condemn.
And when it sometimes seemed we might agree,
the spark was quenched by sudden r or p.

Too-candid speaking brought no happiness
but only lash of h and sting of s,
while even on summer days there came to mar
brief hours of sunshine furious tlr.

Then smiled St. Valentine. To-day we see
writ large upon love's Forecast Chart his b.



THE VOTER IN WONDERLAND

V. CONFUSING THE ISSUE or "... vainly trying to shut out the dreadful uproar."¹⁹



"Do come in — we're just enjoying a radio play."

O HAPPY DAY

GREETING card verse" (as Miss Helen Farries, Editor, Buzzard-Cardozo Greetings Cards, has written) "most often rhymes, but the words must have a meaning and not simply be words that rhyme . . . Sincerity is the keynote to all verses, long or short. And always put a self-addressed, stamped envelope in for the prompt return of your sentiments. . . ."

No one, perhaps, has followed these precepts more faithfully than Miss Bonnie Day, herself a former editor of *Greetings Inc.*, and in the article under discussion* she makes a notable contribution to the proper understanding of work in this field. Briefly, and with a wealth of pith, she discusses the "sendability angle."

Much that Miss Day writes is, perchance, not new. For instance, it is unnecessary to tell experienced writers: "Verses that tease the patient about flirting

with the pretty nurse are appropriate only when sent to men"; and apropos of Son and Daughter verses: "If both parents are alive and living together they will probably sign the card 'From Mother and Dad,' but you can't take this for granted and start out

We're proud to have a son like you,
for if you do the card won't be sendable by a widowed or divorced parent." Still, such reminders are timely.

However, it is when Miss Day delves into the less familiar crannies of sendability that she shows herself a past mistress in her chosen medium. "A card for grandmother," she writes, "shouldn't say:

*Since you're my mother's mother,
You're doubly dear to me,
And so I hope your birthday
Is as happy as can be!*

Obviously this has only 50 per cent. sendability—half the grandmothers in the world are on father's side of the house."

* "Broadening Your Market For Greeting Card Verse." In last December's issue of *The Writer*, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

The point cannot be denied. And here Miss Day makes another shrewd thrust: "Don't imply that granny is white-haired and feeble. Many women are grandmothers at forty, you know, and the ideal grandmother verse should be suitable for *any* grandmother from forty on up."

"It is surprising," remarks Miss Day, "how many talented would-be sentiment writers whose work is otherwise acceptable overlook the sendability angle." Right again! How many gifted versifiers of one's own acquaintance have been mortified at the failure of a Father's Day card which relied on the recurring father-son sentiment—the "I-hope-the-little-lad-climbing-on-my-knee-will-think-me-as-good-a-father-as-I-think-you" motif! Greeting-card writers should be the first to recall that women will have fathers, and fathers daughters, as long as this old world turns. Not to mention the fact that little lads may be too young or too old to climb upon knees. "Now," as Miss Day pungently states, "you know what sendability means."

Or you should. However, "there are less obvious limitations that must be avoided . . . What the grammar refers to as 'personal pronouns' are called 'limiting pronouns' in greeting-card parlance. More than any other type of greeting card, the Christmas card must be kept general because . . . you'll find them signed 'From Jo and Esther,' 'From Grandma and Grandpa,' 'From Tom and Sue,' 'From the Carlson Family,' much oftener than from an individual." And one final word of warning: "In writing religious verse, keep it sendable to either Catholic or Protestant . . . Avoid any denominational slant that would limit sales. It's just as easy to say 'Easter Sunday' as it is to say 'Easter Sabbath,' and if you use the latter term you'll prevent the Seventh Day Adventists from buying your card."

If one may permit oneself a breath of criticism, it is a regret that Miss Day could not find space to touch upon the resendability angle. This is a cruciality that was hardly considered, even in Miss June Barr's otherwise adequate "Writing and Selling Greeting Card Verse." Yet obviously the versifier's urgent desire is to maximize his overall readerization. This is best done by encouraging a recipient to resend your card to someone he (or she) has forgotten to buy one for. Thus, if the words "From . . ." and "To . . ." are written beneath the verse the temptation for the original sender to fill in the names is well-nigh irresistible, and resendability chances are reduced. By spreading the verses all over the page in large print resendability prospects are enhanced.

"It is hard," says Miss Day, "to be original and at the same time to be so vague, but when general verse is required it's vagueness that brings in the vittles."

The present writer once submitted the following verse to a publisher:

*At Christmas, Easter, Father's Day, New Year and Halloween,
St. Valentine's, your birthday, Mother's Day and in
between,*

*With more than normal kinsman's love and little less
than passion
This card brings grateful greetings in the good old
American fashion.*

It had a certain resendability. It came back by the next post. And that in spite of the fact that the present writer had forgotten to enclose a stamp.

3 3

LET US DEFINITELY WIN THROUGH

AT about the time when Lady Violet Bonham-Carter was being shanghaied by the Clement Davies group I turned to consider what Mr. Attlee had told the Americans.

Socialism in England "goes right on," he is reported to have said. "Nothing can stand between the nation and its goal."

But, said the Liberal candidate for Salisbury, whose name I have unfortunately forgotten, "The Socialist and Tory manifestos are surprisingly alike, and the one is to the other almost as Tweedledum is to Tweedledee."

On the same day Dr. Summerskill remarked "Life is hard."

This is the road, I told myself, and turned to the Socialist manifesto, where I immediately noted "Labour moves towards a property-owning democracy while others talk about it." It also said "Socialism is not bread alone."

And what was Conservatism's answer? "Only five per cent deposit in cash should be required for the purchase of a house." And they added "Suggestions that we wish to cut the social services are a lie."

At that point a man with a camera called. He said he wanted to take my photograph and it might well be for a Transport House publication. Would I very much mind holding a can?

But I was deep in *A Factual Refutation of the statements in the Labour Party's Speaker's Handbook about Cement*.

For the trouble is, no one really understands this election except me.



" . . . I can bear Piccadilly Circus."

BONSPIEL

British Open Curling
Championship, Falkirk

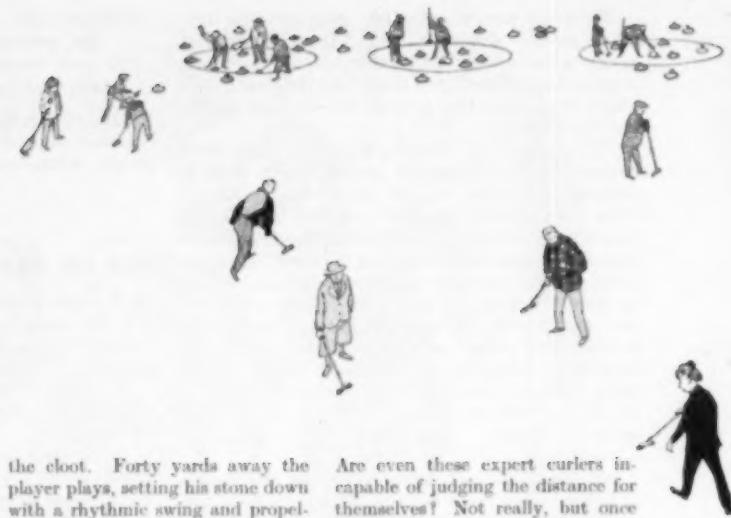
R. PUNCH'S
representatives,
it may possibly
be supposed,
are a merry lot,
easily recognized

when they go about together by their many witty salutes and tinkling laughter; very different, in fact, from these two stern, unsmiling men entraining by night at King's Cross for the North. And yet of these two the smaller, in the funereal overcoat, is Mr. P.'s Artist and the tall, cadaverous one, his Curling Correspondent. They are on their way to a Bonspiel.

Nay—the Bonspiel. On the gleaming white ice of the Falkirk Rink four hundred curlers are met together to decide the British Open Championship of their ancient game, and no one who knows a chap-and-lie from a crampit would suggest that this is a matter to be approached in a spirit of levity.

Come quietly into the rink. The curlers in the white sweaters and tam-o'-shanters are Canadians: the others pronounce the word "curling" in three syllables. For this is Scotland's national game, not played elsewhere in these islands. Scotland is its home, its father and its mother, and the Royal Caledonian Curling Club is its governing body throughout the world.

Four players a side, you see, with two stones apiece. Each man has a long-handled brush. (What did you expect—tongs?) Of each team, or rink, one member is ready to play, two are waiting half way up the ice and the fourth is standing in the target area at the other end. This last is the captain and therefore known as the skip. Play is about to begin. One of the skips holds what elsewhere would be a yellow duster but here is a "cloot." He casts the cloot carefully to the ice in the spot at which he wishes his first player's stone to come to rest. He sets up his broom as an aiming-mark, some distance to one side of



the cloot. Forty yards away the player plays, setting his stone down with a rhythmic swing and propelling it, rumbling agreeably (the stone, that is), towards the distant "tee."

The stone departs in a bee-line for the broom, but should end up at the cloot—which explains why the game is called curling: it is the slow spin on the stone that does it. But wait: as yet the stone is only on its way. It approaches the two intermediate members of the rink who, with brooms poised, fall in beside it, one on either side, and hurry with it along the ice. Suddenly from the distant skip comes a loud cry. This cry is technically "Sweep!" traditionally "Soop!" and, in point of fact and rather disappointingly, "Yes!" At once the sweepers fall to, working away with a savage frenzy at the ice an inch or two ahead of the stone. They will continue thus until the skip tells them to stop, purging the polished ice of all trace of chips, dust, cigarette-ash, broom-bristles, soop-stains or condensation from the atmosphere. Then the first player of the other side has a go.

What each rink is trying to do is to get its stones nearer to the middle of the smallest circle, the pot-lid, than those of the other side, and with sixteen forty-pound stones to play with there is infinite opportunity for skill, cunning, generalship, shock tactics, disappointment and blood-pressure.

What, you may perhaps wonder, is the point of all this sweeping?

Are even these expert curlers incapable of judging the distance for themselves? Not really, but once the stone has left the player's hand it has passed beyond his control. It remains, however, under the active authority of the skip until the last possible moment and, knowing this, the player will normally deliver it a little too slowly. Left to itself it will not arrive, but it is not left to itself. It is the business of the skip to judge of its exact speed the moment it starts towards him, and to help it on its way as he thinks necessary. For this purpose he has his two sweepers, who are able to add as much as a dozen yards to the distance a stone will travel.

Watch this one coming up the ice now. The house—*I beg your pardon: house*—is half built, which means that several stones have been played already and are grouped about the tee. The skip of the moment has placed his cloot in a gap in the assembled stones and signalled to the player that he wants him to send his own in gently through this gap. With his broom he gives him an aiming-mark, a yard to the left, thus indicating the amount of "ice" that the player is to take. The curler curls. The hypnotic glare of the sweepers beats down upon the stone. The eagle eye of the skip considers it. Suddenly:

"Yes!"

With passionate devotion the sweepers sweep, giving something of the effect of an industrious beetle.





The skip goes on shouting loudly at intervals, hurling encouragement at the sweepers, the stone, the ice, the gods of curling (Ailsa and Craig, who provide the granite for the stones) and himself. Here it comes, ponderously, steadily. It appears, almost uncannily, not to be slowing down at all. It approaches the hoose, a little to the left of the gap. But see—gently it revolves, and this means that it is curving, oh, so gradually, inwards to where it ought to be.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" bellows the skip. "Bring it up, bring it right up!"

Miraculously, apparently, it edges its way, with nerve-racking slowness, inwards towards the gap—and through—and stops, just where the cloot rested when it started on its journey a whole quarter of a minute ago. The opposing skip steps up and considers what to do next.

Do you know of any other game in which every player takes an active part in every shot played by his own side? There is none, and therefore no valid ground for disputing the claim of its devotees that curling is team play evolved to such a pitch that it becomes not team play at all but unit play. With, of course, the skip as the presiding genius. His word is law in all things, which means that he must be not

only a very good player himself but also a tactful and genial leader, with the eye of an eagle to judge instantly the speed of the ice and of the stone, and the calculating capacity to sum up the tactical situation and the characteristics of the other side as well as his own. Something between a general, a diplomat and a slide-rule.

You will observe also that the other three members of the rink should have not only confidence in their skip but respect and affection for him as well.

Do you begin to see the curious fascination of this game, or do you still fancy it to be a thing for dour, elderly and unfathomable Scots? In case you do the latter, there is more to come. There is, for one thing, no professionalism, nor ever could be. It is all a matter of true, complete and friendly co-operation. There was once, they say, a skip who was a gamekeeper, and a poor shot

was played by his own employer, who was a member of his rink and therefore under his command. The offending curler listened humbly while his superior officer addressed him as follows:

"My lord, yon was a . . . bad shot, played in a . . . foolish way."

When curlers meet, as just now at Falkirk, the resulting clash of rinks is a Bonspiel, and this one lasts a whole week, play going on all day and evening. A game lasts almost three hours, and it is sad to think of the prodigious effort expended that might have been devoted to polishing innumerable acres of linoleum or parquet floor.

How would you replenish all this energy, do you suppose, if you were a Scot? Yes, you are perfectly right and so . . . well, the curlers had a little dinner last night; just a quiet affair among friends, you know, and therefore, if you will excuse us . . .

P. R. BOYLE



AT THE PICTURES

Golden Salamander—Neptune's Daughter

I THINK the dialogue, and the deliberation with which a good deal of it is taken, are the weak points about *Golden Salamander* (Director: RONALD NEAME); otherwise, this is a handsome thriller—a phrase which, I find, is the one I used to describe Mr. NEAME's *Take*

the telephone system, says "The Bedouins get the wire. They make bracelets of it," and the hero has to reply roguishly, as if making a shrewd comment, "They would!" But I don't want to leave you with the idea that your enjoyment of the picture would be seriously affected



(The Golden Salamander)
Wrong Number
Anna—ANOUK; Rankl—HERBERT LOM; David—TREVOR HOWARD

My Life in 1948. It is some time before this slowness of the dialogue becomes apparent. The film begins with several minutes of purely visual effect as the hero drives along a mountain road in the rain at night, is held up by a landslide, and watches a couple of gun-runners at their stalled truck; all this is excellent, interest-arousing stuff. But when he begins to settle down at the inn at the little North African town of Kabarta one does sometimes get the impression that silent counting is being done between each remark. This is all very well for significant and dramatic remarks; where I suggest one could do without it is in such an exchange as: "I brought you some clean shirts . . . Where shall I put them?" (Pause, and then the not very startling reply) "On the bed." There are other spots where the dialogue is noticeably uninspired, apart from its timing; for example, when the heroine, explaining the troubles of

by this. The story is essentially one of incident, and the pictures that tell it are often very pleasing indeed. ANOUK, whom you may have seen in *Les Amants de Vérona*, is the singularly charming heroine, TREVOR HOWARD credibly shows us an archaeologist turned unwilling man of action, and two of the smaller type-parts are much freshened by WILFRED HYDE-WHITE and MILES MALLESON. Again, a handsome thriller.

Neptune's Daughter (Director: EDWARD BUZZELL) is a big, sprawling, popular, overstuffed Technicolor musical, thoroughly good entertainment for anyone who likes that sort of thing at all; one doesn't criticize it seriously, apart from

marvelling at its technical accomplishment. *Neptune's Daughter* is, of course, ESTHER WILLIAMS, the swimming star so fortunately endowed with various other skills and attractions. They put her in her element as often as possible by way of a story which, though basically the old mistaken-identity routine, is built round a factory that manufactures bathing-suits. The other star is RED SKELTON, who appears as what is called a massoer. Besides these there are RICARDO MONTALBAN as a South American polo-player, BETTY GARRETT as the heroine's sister (comic), and some very well-handled frolicking with the song "Baby, It's Cold Outside." The "business" between the four singers of this celebrated item has a dexterity reminiscent of juggling, and it probably took almost as much rehearsal. There is, too, some funny slapstick, notably a scene in which several people try to get Mr. SKELTON on to a horse. An efficiently-turned-out piece of nonsense: not first-rate, but good enough.

* * * * *
Survey
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In descending order of seriousness, though not of merit, the best London shows are *The Miracle*, *Intruder in the Dust* (8/2/50), *Bicycle Thieves* (11/1/50) and *The Blue Lamp* (1/2/50).

This week's releases I find uninteresting; let me remind you of some earlier good ones—*Pinky* (7/12/49), *The Rocking Horse Winner* (4/1/50) and *Everybody Does It* (16/11/49). RICHARD MALLETT



(Neptune's Daughter)
Marine Life
Eve Barrett—ESTHER WILLIAMS

FROM THE CHINESE

Concerning Tell

BOTH sides
In the Great Discussion
Hold out like a jewel
The promise
Of continual toil.
"Every man", they say,
"Shall have work always."
"Not even the rich",
Says one side,
"Will be without work,
For we shall take away
Their money."
Myself,
I prefer the teaching
Of the scribe Ching Fo.
"Anyone", says the scribe,
"Who offers Work
As the high prize
Of existence,
The best achievement
Of the ruler,
Must be deficient
In fine perception,
And has no better philosophy
Than the ant,
Which seems to take pleasure
In perpetual business,
Throwing up each day
New heaps of soil,
And carrying from place to place
Unprofitable burdens."
Continual toil,
It is said,
Was provided by the Pharaohs
For the slaves of Egypt;
But the slaves
Were not expected
To sing songs of thankfulness,
And it is not known
What they would have said
If they had been consulted
About the future
Of the Pharaohs.
"To work", says the scribe Ching Fo,
"Is an avoidable evil.
For some
It is necessary
To walk along the dusty road
To reach the shade-trees
On the Happy Hills,
Where the dancing girls
Are waiting with cool refreshment
And musical persons
Are ready to play.
But no man
In his senses
Will woo the multitude
By crying loudly

'Eternal walking!
Walking for All!'
He will speak, rather,
Of the Happy Hills,
The shade-trees,
The dancing girls,
And the musical persons.
'Some', he will say,
'Will have to walk
Along the dusty road:
But more and more,
If I am permitted
To make certain arrangements,
Will travel comfortably
In carriages,
Or—who can tell?—
Like winged birds
Fly over the fields
To the Happy Hills.
And these,
Having more time
For contemplation
And ingenious discovery

Than the ones who walk,
Will write tales on the tablets,
Make paintings of flowers
And new tunes
For the musical instruments.
If all walk
Always,
This is not possible.
Thus, it is plain",
Says the scribe Ching Fo,
"That Work is the dusty road,
And Leisure,
In the Happy Hills,
Is the destination.
Who but a fool
Would speak more warmly
Of the dusty road
Than of the destination?"
Unhappily,
The scribe Ching Fo
Is not among those
Who seek to rule us.

A. P. H.



TWO BITS

DEAR H.—So you managed the dollar situation after all! Bravo! Did you get the businessman's allowance or the one for promoters of cultural relations? If I didn't know you'd be on the high seas by Feb. 23 I'd suspect the authorities of nepotism. You won't vote by proxy, cable or anything, will you?

Naturally, you want to make the very most of your dollars and, as you say, this is hardly possible without some knowledge of U.S. currency and its British equivalents. Let me tell you, then, that there are now two hundred and eighty U.S. cents or pennies (Americans seldom use the term "pence") to the pound sterling, where once, before devaluation, there were four hundred and three if you were lucky. A cent (or penny) is, therefore, worth six-sevenths of an English penny, a *real* penny: make it three farthings and you've allowed for the pennies left as tips, ignored by the bartender and subsequently recovered by you.

Now for my simple table of moneys:

Five cents or pennies equal one nickel or jitney (say 4½d.)

Two nickels equal one dime (about 8½d.)

Five nickels equal one quarter, or "two bits" (make it 1s. 9½d.)

Four quarters equal one dollar, or buck (7s. 2d.)

I don't suppose you'll need much more than this, except, perhaps, some advice on the identification of the various coins. (Though I remember that your method of paying for a drink in France was to disgorge your entire holding of francs and invite the *garçon de comptoir* to "Help *vous-même*," so to speak.) Well, the cents are roughly the same size as the dimes, but there the similarity ends for all practical purposes. Both coins are so small or picayune (from the French *picaillon*, a small copper coin!) that you will find it difficult to pick them up cleanly without first moistening the finger-tip. Cents are used almost exclusively for paying the direct-sales taxes levied

by the governments, Federal and State, on almost every retail transaction. Their status, though not, as we have seen, their exchange value, is only slightly higher than that of the British farthing. The trouble with cents is their tendency to accumulate in waistcoat pockets, trouser turn-ups and desks. New Yorkers probably melt them down at regular intervals and throw away the metal.

The nickel (4½d., remember) is slightly larger than the dime and the cent, but opportunities for its effective employment are narrowly limited. A year or so ago it would buy a ride on the New York subway; now it buys only half a ride. It still buys a phone-booth call and (but only just) a newspaper priced at two or three cents. Look after the jitneys, though, and the dollars will look after themselves.

A dime (from *decem* by way of the old French *disme*) will pay for a ride on the subway, a cup of coffee or a lipstick (if you're interested), and two dimes is the recognized *pourboire* for the "bum" who lies helpless on the sidewalk for lack of coffee (see comic papers). The dime, I might add, is also what the occupiers of hotel bathrooms invariably ask (or used to ask) their buddies to spare them at about 6.30 A.M. (Eastern time).

"... and I... was the kid... with the drum, tatatah... ."

Where were we? Oh, yes, the quarter, otherwise known as two bits. No, there's no "one bit," just as we now only have the *half-crown*. With the quarter we reach real money at last: it's so highly esteemed that traders will often take the trouble to give change out of it. A quarter buys a hot-dog and a sack of peanuts, a mound of popcorn or an ounce of reasonably good tobacco. And a half-dollar buys exactly twice as much.

Dollars, or bucks, come in paper bills of all denominations, but I hope you will not flash the Tens and Twenties too much; I detest braggadocio as much as I deplore the special pleading of British poverty. The word "dollar" comes from the

German or Dutch "Thaler," an abbreviation of "Joachimsthaler," a piece of money first minted in the valley (Thal) of St. Joachim in Bavaria. I tell you all this because I know how difficult it can be on occasion to make conversation with bartenders, soda-jerks and others.

And that's about it, old chap. You ought to know, however, that currency reformers in the U.S.A. are very keen to introduce new coins, such as 2½-, 7½-, 8- and 12½-cent pieces, and may possibly succeed before you arrive. They do hustle, you know. The new coins would be known by such names as bens, links, hafniks and jimes, which would complicate matters for you. Anyway, if anything does come of all this, I'd be grateful if you'd keep an eye on the new coins for me and report back; you see, I'm rather anxious to try the same thing over here. Americans complain that they pay ten cents (8½d.) for a cup of coffee only because there happens to be no single coin for 7½ cents, which represents the *economic* price of the drink. (I've already told you that pennies are considered something of a nuisance and barely legal tender.) And in the same way I feel that coins valued at 1½d., 9d. and 11½d. would prove immensely useful in Britain. The three-ha penny piece would eliminate a vast amount of fumbling in buses and Tubes—and in the provinces where most evening papers cost that amount; the nine-penny piece would save many a disgusting wrangle with the taxicab drivers; and the "eleven-three," as it would be called, would enable our women to get home from the shops in time to cook a decent meal.

Brood on these things, H., old chap, while you're blotting up the Atlantic ozone, and let me have your considered opinions on your safe return. Yours ever,

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

6 6

"Mushrooms have been gathered on Wether Fell, some 1,300 feet high." "Sunday Express"

You should see the ones that got away.





CORRESPONDENCE COLUMNIST

I HAVE always wanted to get letters into the newspapers, because it seems a cheap form of self-advertisement and might well lead to invitations to sit on committees. Unfortunately different papers have different house-styles and one must be prepared to practise several different types of letters. For a selection of my exercises see, as you might have guessed, *infra*.

To the Editor of "The Times"

Taking the year 1913 as a hundred, the pound-shilling rate for 1923, 1933 and 1950 is also a hundred. This internal stability of our currency is often overlooked in the assessment of our total internal-external stability. To devalue the metal coinage in terms of paper might well cause a change in price levels in the home market which would react not unfavourably upon our external trade balance, and that the temptation to do so has so far not been yielded to is an omen which I venture to call propitious. The proposed twenty-two shilling guinea does not of course affect the argument.

To the Editor of "The Times Literary Supplement"

It seems to have been overlooked by commentators that Hamlet III, 1, "That is the question," probably refers to the use of torture by the Star Chamber, as in the phrase "to put the question." cf. The Tempest IV, 1, "Leave not a rack behind."

To the Editor of "The Listener"

At this stage of the controversy I do not wish to be drawn into an argument about Lysenko's deviations from Kierkegaard. May I, rather, pose this problem? If the two statements "A is B" and "A is not B" belong to differing categories and may be meaningful at the same time, are the propositions "Mass is convertible into energy" and "Cogito, ergo sum" mutually subsistive and, if so, what does "subsistive" mean?

To the Editor of "The New Statesman"

To call Ardheim and Finzhofer Socio-Radicals is grossly unfair and misleading. Anyone who was anyone in Brno in the early 'twenties recognized

Ardheim as a Radico-Democrat of the extreme Centre. (Finzhofer, of course, was merely a Demo-Sociocrat stooge.) The Czechoslovak budgetary deficit in 1913 was not 15m Korunas: Czechoslovakia was still part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and had no budget. One last complaint—how many more times are we going to be told of the debt Democracy owes to Kvas? The negotiations leading to the Sino-Polish Treaty of 1922 have now received adequate documentation, and his reputation should surely have been torn to shreds.

To the Editor of the "Daily Telegraph"

On applying to the mandarins of the Board of Trade for a permit to change the name of my house to "The Monkey Puzzles" to comply with the terms of a legacy, I was graciously informed that "the naming of houses is no concern of this department," this leaving me to search for myself to find a Ministry which deigns to deal with my request. *Quis custodiet . . .*

To the Editor of "The Sunday Times"

In Welwyn Garden City an arbutus is known as "Chas. Barn's Jollyboat." Can any reader enlighten me as to the origin of the phrase?

To the Editor of "The Daily Mirror"

My family sometimes say to me "Mum, how do you always manage to keep so merry and bright?" I always reply, "By taking the rough with the smooth and taking any chance of a laugh."

To the Editor of "The Radio Times"

I much appreciated the broadcast of *Chu Chin Chow*, as I vividly remember the experience of seeing it at His Majesty's. It was a true feast of song and spectacle. I should be interested to hear from any other playgoers who have similar reminiscences of this "Musical Tale of the East."

To the Editor of our local paper

Would it not be as well if all of us agreed to put aside our pet panaceas and work wholeheartedly for the common good? I am no politician, but to rally to the support of our sitting Member seems the least we can do in the wider interests of the common weal.

To the Editor of "Picture Post"

We are four teen-age typists and we think Polish boys are dreadfully slow. Walthamstow boys are much more fun.

R. G. G. PRICE

"Travel Operators propose forming company to purchase or charter 2,000 ton vessel for Mediterranean and Canary Islands cruises to commence in few weeks. Active and non-active directorships and some salaried appointments available. Bookings already in hand. Heavy list appears imminent." *"Financial Times"*

Well, don't just stand there. Fill up some of the cabins on the other side.

THE RABBIT

YOU had not a care as you ambled across the road. Well dined, at your ease, with a stir of desire for your mate;

No instinct nor warren-lore warned you, no omen foreshadowed

How abrupt, and how near, was your fate. And Destiny's vehicle, thundering through the dark, Careered round the corner and on to you, Juggernaut-wise:

We saw you, one instant, transfixed in the headlamps' arc,

A petrified symbol of Terror, eyes staring and stark . . . I shall always remember your eyes . . .

We humans have mastered the Earth, we are gods to rabbits,

Miraculous powers have we that you'd not comprehend: But Pithecanthropus yet lurks in our hearts and our habits . . .

Will he bring Man to grief in the end?

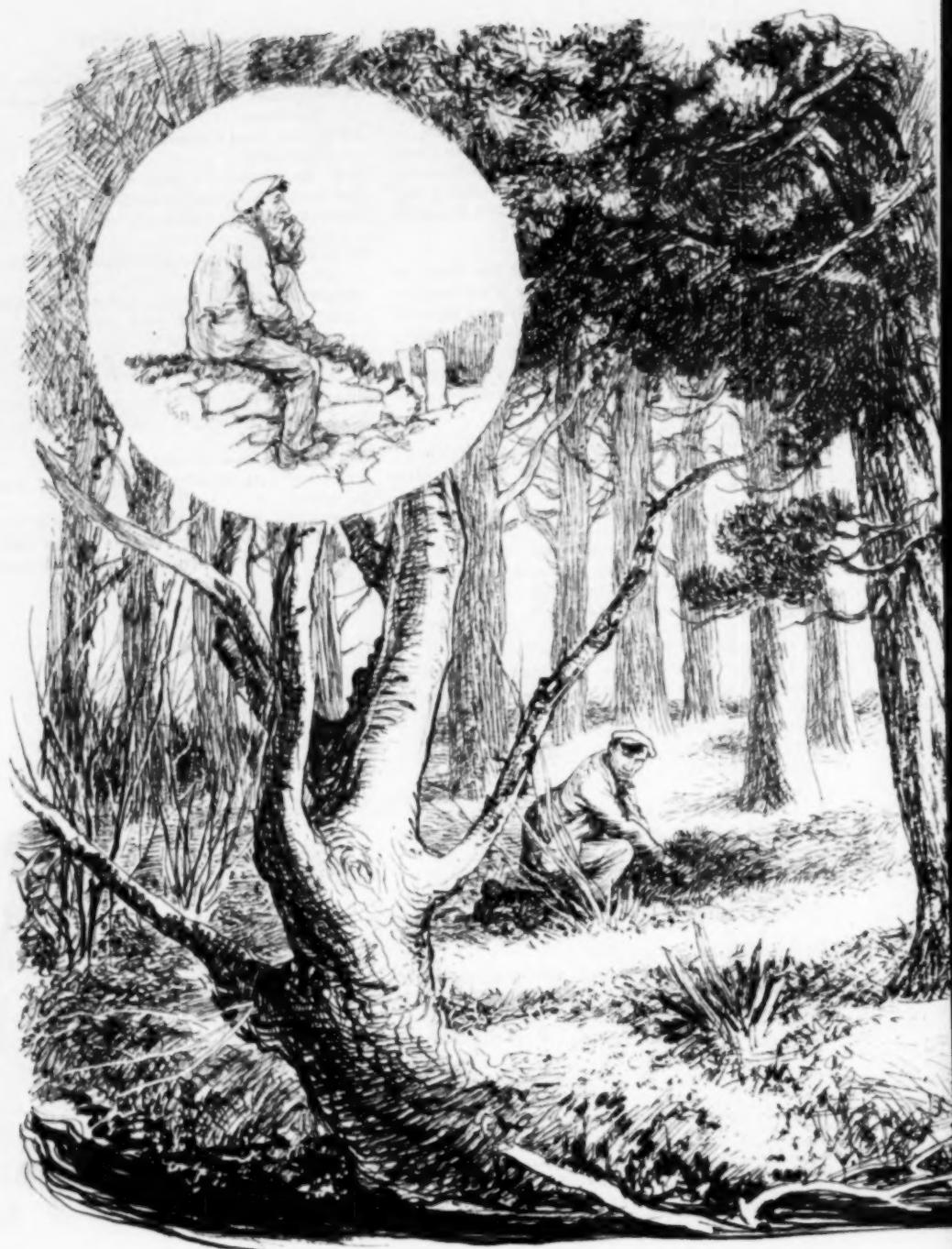
And cause that incongruous compost of black and white,

Of pettiness, majesty, fortitude, frailty and fuss,

To feel in the shrivelling glare of atomic light As small and bewildered and utterly helpless with fright

As a rabbit run down by a bus!





ROBIN THE TINKER

ROBIN the Tinker he's down in the shaw,
Down by the burn at the back of the dyke;
He sits and he smokes and he lays down the
law.

And the prophets on any old topic you like;
On this and on that,
He's got it all pat,
All the good answers come out of his hat—

*"Never you hurry, never you run;
Them that bides longest they gets the most done."*

Robin the Tinker he doesn't need much
For his ferret-eyed brats and his rabbit-eyed
wife—

Cannily poaching a pheasant or such
At the dusk of the day with a stick and a
knife,
Or setting a snare
In the hope of a hare—
And his tale to the keeper is Robin's affair:

*"Keep y'r mouth shut and y'r tongue in y'r
cheek;
Pick the good hour and ye'll get what ye seek."*

Robin the Tinker he comes and he goes
Light as the lintie and soft as the deer,
Following ever his wandering nose
And the drift of the wind and the turn of the
year;
But now and again
He'll give you the gen
On how to live happy to four score and ten:

*"Changes and chances they keep a man spry;
Never play safe—and ye'll live till ye die."*

H. B.



BEGINNERS, PLEASE!

LET us be cat-burglars for a moment. It is much the best way of seeing things for ourselves, and I promise we shall not be caught. The building we are ascending so audaciously is 62 Gower Street, and this window is our goal. Some kind of instruction is about to take place within. Twenty young men and women sit round a spartan, carpetless room on hard chairs, while at a table a teacher looks through her notes. If you are afraid I have let you in for a lecture on the Calculus or Smoke Abatement, take courage. This is going to be a good deal more exciting; nothing less, indeed, than a class in murder as a fine art. A muscular young man goes out into the middle of the room, and, lying down gingerly on three chairs, lets it be known that his heart is in a very groggy way. He is attended grimly by a girl in trousers, who claims to be his wife. Their relations seem strained, even before she admits brutally to a lover. At this the youth falls into a terrible convulsion and calls feebly for his medicine. The girl fetches an invisible bottle, and with a look of the greenest hatred pours out three fingers of some reliable dispatcher. With the maximum of throaty suffering her husband then expires. You pale a trifle at this frightful scene. Not so the teacher.

"Remember, dear, it's poison you're giving him, not lemonade," she says coolly.

Where are we? Why, the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and this is an advanced class rehearsing Eugene O'Neill's lead-lined

soul-dredger, *Mourning Becomes Electra* . . .

As a matter of fact we went in at the front door, and found Sir Kenneth Barnes beaming genially behind his desk, in a room hung with notable trophies of the stage. Since 1909 he has been the Principal of the R.A.D.A., and so many of the brightest stars in the theatrical heaven have been his pupils that he may almost be said to be the father of the stage.

"Am I right," I asked him, "in thinking the R.A.D.A. is the oldest and largest of the dramatic schools?"

"Perfectly. It's also the only one to possess a Royal Charter, which was given it in 1920. We were founded in 1904 by Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, and came here after a year at His Majesty's. Since then, of course, we have greatly expanded, thanks to the generosity of our friends."

"You are non-profit making?"

"Legally we're a charity, and we depend on the goodwill of the

public, which has, I am happy to say, never failed us."

"Are many of your students assisted?"

"The figures are rather extraordinary," said Sir Kenneth. "Out of our present total of two hundred and eighty-six only one hundred and fourteen run entirely under their own steam. Before the war we had about thirty scholarships, but since then private benefactors and public authorities have been immensely helpful. The proportion assisted may drop as the ex-Service grants are worked off, but the L.C.C. and the local education authorities take our work so seriously that it will probably rise again."

"Have you more girls or men?" I asked.

"More girls, slightly. But the number of men has gone up sharply since the war, as a result, I think, of all the acting done in the Services. We have thirteen different nationalities here, apart from Commonwealth students."



Sir Kenneth Barnes



When I asked him about the scope of the R.A.D.A. he stressed acting as its fundamental principle.

"That may sound obvious," he said, "but some schools give separate courses in technical subjects, such as production and design. Here our technical students put in nearly as much time on speech and movement and rehearsal as the actors proper, for we're convinced the mental make-up of anyone preparing for the stage should be based on a real knowledge of acting. So far as possible we use teachers employed in the theatre, so that they may be in touch with modern development."

The course at the R.A.D.A. is two years, split up into six terms, at twenty guineas a term. It means exceedingly hard work, as anyone can tell by looking at the syllabus, but those who stick it have a very thorough grounding, and the winners of the R.A.D.A. medals and the Kendal Prize get a flying start in their profession.

In the corner of Sir Kenneth's room stands a model theatre, that lights up as splendidly as if it were at South Kensington.

While we were crossing the hall to see the school an excited girl waylaid this most accessible Principal with news of a part in a film, and his pleasure seemed as keen as hers. . . .

All the classroom doors have glass panels, like the doors of club billiards-rooms, so that you can see if *Hamlet* is in play without putting him off his stroke. Having peeped, we went in. We found a circle of students making strange mooing noises to improve their diction. We heard a girl reciting Osbert Sitwell to a critically attentive teacher. We watched a squad in shorts and bright jumpers, reaching from the nethermost pit to the uppermost sky in a determined search for fluid movement. We listened in the little temporary theatre to a Lady Macbeth being nursed by a producer. Now and then we came on a room empty save for a single abstracted occupant, privately exorcising some demon of style. And finally I had a significant word with an American boy who had



Barnes' sister) died last year Miss Athene Seyler—and who better!—succeeded her as President of the Council. Having heard the unbelievable tale that the R.A.D.A. once turned her down as a student, I taxed her with it, and she described a harrowing interview at which George Bancroft, the then Principal, had objected that she didn't look like an actress. She had insisted on an audition, and in spite of being so terrified that she forgot to remove one glove fought her way in past no less a triumvirate than Squire Bancroft, Hare and Pinero! She admitted she found teaching fascinating but utterly exhausting, and one thing that made it so was the difficulty of coaching young people to react naturally in circumstances of tragedy and passion of which they could know little. But she believes firmly in dramatic training, which she thinks gives enviable poise even to those who may not reach the stage; and she believes as firmly in the R.A.D.A. because, she says, its outlook is intensely practical. "The highbrow notion of meditating on art for the first six months is all very fine, but acting is a craft, and actors have to earn their living!"

We agreed, as I had felt we should, that the greatest enemy stage beginners have to face is the imbecile publicity of which they are nowadays the victims. A promising young actress, still with most of her job to learn, has

only to show her nose in the West End or in a film for the details of her breakfast to become a matter of urgent public concern. On this we grew very sad indeed, until Miss Seyler had to go away to see about Harvey's lettuce. ERIC KROWE



"Isn't it a beauty?" he exclaimed. "We hope to begin building this year. Our old one was blitzed in 'forty-one. This will be bigger and better. But we want another £20,000."

"Will you get it?" I asked.

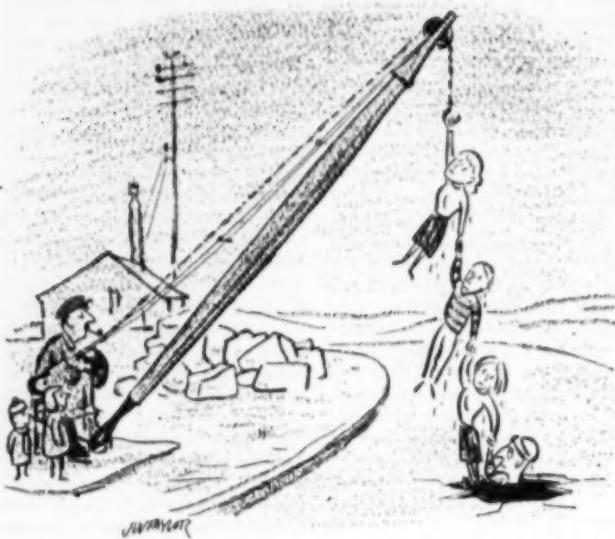
Sir Kenneth, from the depths of his experience, seemed fairly certain that they would.

been in films and had come across to the R.A.D.A. to learn to act.

"Why to the R.A.D.A.?" I asked.

"Because there's nothing like it in the States. . . ."

When that great actress, Dame Irene Vanbrugh (Sir Kenneth



SOME SIGNS OF ACTIVITY

"WELL, what was it like?" we asked Miss Green, as she collapsed into the staff-room basket chair.

"I suppose it's all right in theory," she began slowly, in a let's-be-fair-minded tone of voice, "but actually it boils down to plain bedlam."

We hitched our chairs nearer and prepared to hear all about modern educational methods which have so far left St. Kilda's Kinder-garten undisturbed.

It has been our old-fashioned policy here to try to teach each child to read, to write, to master the elementary rules of arithmetic and to overcome the multiplication

tables before we pass it on to a wider scholastic sphere. Miss Judd, however, has recently heard that such aims are hopelessly outdated and has felt obliged to take steps in the matter.

Miss Green, therefore, had been sent to spy out the land at a neighbouring school, where energy abounds, the staff is young and progressive and the playground bristles with dangerous-looking apparatus for the delight of pupils.

"And why they don't have more accidents, I don't know," went on Miss Green, rather nettled. "If I saw a child of mine balancing on the top rail of the climbing frame and stamping on people's fingers as they

came up I should have something to say about it; but it's all watched, noted down in the child's Individual Record and passed off with some such comment as 'Desire for Self-expression' or 'New Baby at Home.' I just don't understand!"

"Quite a new approach," said Miss Judd, trying not to look as bewildered as she felt. "But these activity methods—"

"First I went to the six-year-olds' room, where they had a market. The desks were all anyhow"—We shuddered. "We do like straight rows—" and were meant to be stalls. The children were queuing up wherever they liked, to buy things with cardboard money, and they were supposed to read what each stall sold before they could queue."

"But could they read?" asked Miss Gray.

"Well, dear, I doubted it. It appeared to me that two could read indifferently well, and that they told the others. As for building up their sounds when they came to an unknown word . . . !"

Miss Green dropped her voice to an impressive whisper.

"They did not know their sounds at all!"

I admit that this shook us all badly.

"If they don't know their sounds by five and a half . . ." we say at St. Kilda's, and what horrors of illiteracy the future holds we leave to our hearers' imagination.

"The noise was naturally more than I could cope with, and I had great difficulty in speaking to their teacher, a charming girl, though made-up, as the child on the fruit-stall kept up the refrain 'Apples a pound pears—they're lovely,' in a piercing voice, and was not checked."

We looked down our noses. At St. Kilda's the maxim "Never speak when an adult is speaking" is early instilled.

"The young teacher told me it all added to the realism of the scene, and said how delightful it was to find the background of the child's home life merging into school activities to make an ineffable oneness."

I said that that sounded to me like a hash-up of college notes

based on an inferior text-book of psychology.

Miss Green begged me not to judge anyone too hastily, and continued.

"After that I went into another room, which was a dairy. Their teacher said that they were having 'Real Experience of Liquid Measure.' The floor, as you may imagine, was awash."

"What were they doing?"

"They were finding out for themselves how many half pints there were in a quart. Most of them had made it five or six, as they had either omitted to fill the half-pint measure completely or spilt most of it in transit."

Miss Judd snorted.

"I must say that their teacher was intending to tell them the correct answer at the end. I asked her why she hadn't told them at the beginning and put it on the black-board for them to learn, but she only laughed and said that that was too easy and didn't make enough splash. I think she spoke metaphorically."

"Did you see anything else?" we asked.

"I noticed the Art-room. Their Art teacher told me that it is essential for each child to have six pots of paint apiece, and as she had fifty children to prepare for this afternoon she had very little spare time to talk to me . . ."

"Don't they ever have the fun of mixing up their own colours?" asked Miss Gray, who has been in charge of Art at St. Kilda's for nearly thirty years.

"Evidently not, dear. They might not prove to be aesthetically correct."

Miss Gray shook her head sadly. Had she had a beard she would undoubtedly have been muttering into it.

"I passed the play-room," went on Miss Green, "where there were two long queues for the chute and the rocking-horse, and all the other toys were being ignored. I asked the head mistress why it could not be suggested to the children that they played with something else, but she told me that 'Even Suggestion can be Harmful.'"

Miss Green rose, took *Pigling Bland* from the staff shelf and prepared to rejoin her class for literature.

"But what about their reading lessons!" said Miss Judd.

"And their multiplication tables!" asked Miss Gray. "When do they settle down to learn those?"

"They don't," said Miss Green in a far-from-fair-minded voice. "I'm told that they Just Come to Them!"

On the grounds that you can't teach an old dog new tricks it has been unanimously decided by the staff of St. Kilda's that their teaching methods, archaic as they may be, must remain until the retirement of the existing members.

DEFENCE OF DRINKING

CONFRONTED by a plate of meat,

Potatoes, sprouts, which do you eat First? And if, say, sprouts, which

sprout?

What is it makes you pick it out—That sprout, of many sprouts, from what

Is equidistant, just as hot
And equally desired or not?

This is the Freewill problem; grist
For the Freudian, the Behaviourist,
Philosophers since Aristotle.

* * * * *
There's no such problem with a bottle.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



"Me too. It was four weeks ago last Monday, I had my bands on a lovely fawn two-piece marked down to a guinea, and then everything went black . . ."

SIGHT AND FURY

AS a rule artists do not put a great deal of expression into the faces they paint and model. The features of a Greek statue are calm and composed. The smile of Mona Lisa is the slightest and subtlest of smiles. The facial effects of love, hate, anger, suspicion and jealousy are rarely depicted by the masters, who seem to prefer that their subjects should be a little incomprehensible—in a self-possessed way. They allow, it is true, like photographers, a certain pleasantness of expression which agreeably enlivens the history of art. There is that famous "archaic smile" (if it was a smile) of ancient Greece—which Leonardo was to recapture. In some masterpieces it hovers on the verge of laughter, as, for instance, in Hals's "Laughing Cavalier" or Hogarth's "Shrimp Girl"—one can almost hear her silvery peal of mirth. It is

delightful and natural that she should laugh, and there is no need to ask why or what about.

On the other hand, confronted with knitted brows, bulging eyeballs, starting veins, dilated nostrils and snarling grimaces, the spectator is apt to become uneasy and even resentful, a feeling justified by the many objections which can be made to this portrayal of violent emotion. For one thing the artist is trying to do more than he can with the means at his command. The muscles of the face give little real indication of how intense an emotion is, or of what kind. A frown may be due to a perfectly trivial misadventure like missing a bus, or to some appalling and deep-rooted determination like that of Lady Macbeth, but to convey the nature of the cause by the appearance of the frown is almost impossible.



"Five bob to a tanner be's a bookje."

The artist may exaggerate the expression to indicate that it is prompted by fierce and terrible passion. In that case he runs the risk of producing a merely ludicrous effect. An extra glare in the eyes, an additional contortion of the lip—and the whole thing is screamingly funny. Small wonder then that the great visual artists have seldom attempted to rival the writers who can so much more accurately and powerfully suggest what goes on in the mind.

One of the distinguished failures who made the attempt was that curious Anglo-Swiss painter, Henry Fuseli, R.A. The exhibition of his work, organized by the Pro-Helvetia Foundation of Zurich and the Arts Council and now on view in London at the New Burlington Galleries, places the problem of expression squarely before the visitor. Here is Fuseli, the admirer of Shakespeare, doing his best to portray the shuddering and conscience-stricken Macbeth, his fierce, contemptuous wife seizing the daggers. Painted with great energy as it is, the picture does not come off. The figures are stage figures deprived of the essential illusions of the stage. The picture is an illustration of Macbeth on too large a scale and in the wrong medium. Apart from its literary associations it would be hard to understand at all.

Fuseli was more successful in his drawings than in his large, sombre and chalky paintings. He minded facial expression less. He got much more emotional value from the general outline and pose of a figure and the emphatic linear design in which he influenced, and was influenced by, William Blake. "Blake," said Fuseli, "is damned good to steal from." "This country," said Blake, "must advance two centuries before it can appreciate Fuseli." There is, it is true, an interest in romantics nowadays which has redirected interest to Fuseli, but the romantic violence, splendid in many ways as it is, is still difficult to take without reservations—and an excess of human expression is one of its flaws.

WILLIAM GAUNT

AT THE PLAY

Hamlet (THE OLD VIC. COMPANY AT THE NEW)

PERHAPS the prime claim of acting to be an art, and not simply a craft, is that there is a mystery in it which governs the difference between the sound and the exciting. This imponderable—is it personality, or imagination, or a question of mental chemistry? I wish I knew. Up to a certain point acting can be pulled to pieces with as much precision as if it were cabinet-making or football. It is seldom hard to list positive defects; but when you try to nail down the reasons why a good performance just fails to be far better, then the devil is in it.

Such a case is Mr. MICHAEL REDGRAVE's *Hamlet*, which bristles with accomplishment and yet left me unwillingly cool. He is a fine actor, romantic, intelligent, sensitive. He speaks verse well, and takes the soliloquies nobly, and it is perfectly evident that he has a clear idea of the *Hamlet* he is playing, who is not the tortuous abstraction of the German professors but an honest and warm-hearted young man crushed by his mother's

betrayal of his adored father. This version is sensible and arguably in line with Shakespeare's intention. Yet something was missing that might have turned admirable execution into greatness. To say that edges were blurred, that vital fire was absent is not enough. I would rather admit to being baffled.

Mr. HUGH HUNT's vigorous production tells the story as surely it should be told, *sans* tricks. Here again the level is distinctly good, without, however, reaching any heights. I wasn't even moved by *Ophelia*, played charmingly by Miss YVONNE MITCHELL but with very small appeal to the emotions. Mr. MARK DIGNAM's prim, businesslike *King* and Miss WANDA ROTH's picturesque *Queen* sit the throne impressively, and Miss ROTH makes much of the arras scene with *Hamlet*. Mr. WALTER HUDD over-fantasticates the senility of *Polonius*. There is a first-rate *Horatio* by Mr. MICHAEL ALDRIDGE, and a resonant, Don-Quixotish ghost by Mr. WILFRID WALTER. Mr. GEORGE BENSON as the *Gravedigger* is somewhat

sobered by a large bird's-nesting beard. Full marks for the fight.

Mr. LAURENCE IRVING's dresses are pleasantly feudal-Norse, and I liked his sets—simple and easily varied arrangement of walls and cylinders against a stormy and topical backcloth of flooded fen—with the exception of the chapel, which obscured the royal supplicant and gave the impression that he was at his devotions in a lofty corner of Waterloo Station. In the opening scene a sparing use of seagulls got an immediate effect of gale and height. As for the foghorns, I still don't know whether to congratulate Mr. HUNT on a courageous anachronism that worked or merely to report that on the first night the wind was carrying wonderfully from the Thames. ERIC KROWE

Recommended

RING ROUND THE MOON—*Globe*—Fascinating production of Christopher Fry's translation of *Ancouille*.

THE MINER—*New*—The Old Vic romps with Molière.

VENUS OBSERVED—*St. James's*—Laurence Olivier in Christopher Fry's poetic pyrotechnics.



Problem-child

Hamlet—Mr. MICHAEL REDGRAVE; *Polonius*—Mr. WALTER HUDD; *Claudius*—Mr. MARK DIGNAM
Gertrude—Miss WANDA ROTH



"We're badly off for entertainment here — it's just outside the strolling minstrel fringe."

THE JOBBING GARDENER

JIM? He's not back yet. Works late these days. I've something on the stove for him now, but likely it'll have turned seven before he gets home.

Export! No—he's left the factory a long while back. Works on his own now. Jobbing gardener.

No, I don't suppose as you would have heard: it happened by chance as you might say. I saw the advertisement in the paper one Friday evening — GARDENER WANTED, SATURDAY AFTERNOONS. That big house, it was, at the corner of Beech Avenue.

"Why don't you try it, Jim?" I says. "You was always fond of a garden, and we could do with a bit extra coming in."

Well, he *did* try it. And the people there recommended him next door, see. And they recommended him to someone else. And afore he knew where he was he was working all day Sundays as well as Saturdays and as much more as he liked and when he liked.

"This'll do me better than the factory, Lil," he says.

No. You wouldn't find him in this time to-morrow. That's his day for Miss Archer—the lady-doctor at the top of the Avenue. Her daily woman hasn't turned up this side of Christmas so Jim's been doing a bit indoors for her. Answers the phone and everything when she's out. Of course he can't do much in the garden because of having to keep near to the house all the time.

No. He doesn't come back to his tea. He gets it there. Because as soon as she gets back, at five, he takes the car up to the garage to see if anything wants doing, and then if she's pushed he goes back and answers the door and the phone while she's doing her surgery.

You *might* catch him Thursday midday. Can't really say. He goes to the Forsters' in the morning, and I know he's busy there, because last week Mrs. Forster asked him if he'd mind sweeping the kitchen flues for her, as she'd got no one, and then

she wanted him to help her get up a carpet and take some curtains down. And funny enough, the lady he works for in the afternoon, what's a friend of Mrs. Forster's, asked him to do the very same thing.

Oh, yes, he comes home to his dinner. But when he leaves his work at twelve-thirty Mrs. Peters next door, what recommended him to Mrs. Forster, looks out for him and asks him if he'd mind popping up in the car to fetch the children home from school as she can't leave her cooking. And that makes him late.

No. Friday wouldn't be no good. He's at Colonel Parkinson's all morning, and they're giving him his dinner this week because he's doing their bathroom up for them—deep cream enamel. Says it's coming up something lovely. And in the afternoon he goes to old Mrs. Roper. Crippled with rheumatism these last few weeks as she can't hardly move, poor thing. Gives Jim her ration books and everything and he does all her shopping for her.

Oh, no. He doesn't take Saturday morning off. He goes to Miss Hartley a few doors up the Avenue. Don't think he does much there—they haven't got no proper garden. Only, you see, Miss Hartley's got her mother living with her, turned eighty-seven last birthday, and she can't leave the house until Jim goes. He keeps an eye on the old lady, see, while Miss Hartley pops out and does her bit of shopping. And in the afternoon Miss Archer wants him. He's doin' over the surround in her spare bedroom for her because she's expecting a visitor on Monday.

Dahlias, did you say? Like what he let you have some time back and you won the prize at the show with?

No. I haven't heard him say anything about them.

No. Nor chrysanthemums either.

Well, there's no harm in asking, but he hasn't mentioned anything like that lately. You see, he's had to give up his allotment.

Yes—a pity isn't it, with him so fond of it.

But, as he says, he can't be everywhere at once; and he just hasn't time for flowers or anything of that sort—not now he's a jobbing gardener.

 2 2

STRANGE LATITUDE

Porters Park

IN Porters Park, in Porters Park,
The railwaymen are sitting
round;
The emblems of their craft they
doff
And there, with ties and waistcoats
off,
They watch the bird-life flitting
round,
And to the open throstle hark
With ecstasy, in Porters Park.

In Porters Park, in Porters Park,
The conversation flows along;
A steady stream of "Boys, I say,
We had a truck catch fire to-day,
We had to rush the hose along."
Such is a typical remark;
Such is the tone of Porters Park.

WOON

PROBLEM

THIS is the HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.



This is a man with a resolute independent character, who wants your vote as
INDEPENDENT
Member of Parliament.



These are two men with their roots deep in conservative tradition, resolute independent characters, who want your vote as
CONSERVATIVE INDEPENDENT
Members of Parliament.



These are three men with idealistic socialist theories, their roots deep in conservative tradition, with resolute independent characters, who want your vote as
SOCIALIST CONSERVATIVE INDEPENDENT
Members of Parliament.



These are four men with broad liberal outlooks, idealistic socialist theories, their roots deep in conservative tradition, with resolute independent characters, who want your vote as
LIBERAL SOCIALIST CONSERVATIVE INDEPENDENT
Members of Parliament.



These are five men with a profound belief in the need for unity in these critical days, broad liberal outlooks, idealistic socialist convictions, their roots deep in conservative tradition, and with resolute independent characters, who want your vote as
UNITED LIBERAL SOCIALIST CONSERVATIVE
INDEPENDENT
Members of Parliament.



These are five men and one woman (the dog does not count) passionately patriotic in sentiment, with profound belief in the need for national unity in these critical days, having the broadest most liberal outlook combined with the deepest conviction of the value of socialism, and drawing strength from their well-rooted tradition of conservatism and their resolute independent characters, who want your vote as
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Members of Parliament.



And this is you



and me.





"Next."

A TOUCH OF FLU

MMR. MONTAGUE . . . had been much pulled down by the fashionable cold called L'influenza." (Mrs. Montague, 1762.)

"It fashionably goes all around till every house had the hippish visitant, and is, I believe, the natural inhabitant of the English in general." (Tate Wilkinson, 1795.)

"Jane Carlyle has eight influenzas *annually*; I wonder how she survives it!" (Harriet Martineau.)

Influenza, it seems, has always been recognized as a fashionable disease. Chicken-pox, whooping-cough, mumps and measles are

prevailing nuisances. Influenza is an honoured guest. Its arrival is not welcomed, its visitation is not enjoyed; but a reverent pride rings in the voices of those who have recently entertained it. Influenza—the influence—the mystic infection

from the stars: it is a splendid complaint with an exquisite title, admirably adapted to the accents of the habitual sufferer. Who would as willingly succumb to scambia? Who would even admit to an attack of Zugg's Disease?

After the illness of the reigning King in 1901 came a period when appendicitis evoked a similar enthusiasm. Here again was a complaint with a beautiful title, and it involved a pretty and not too dangerous operation. But appendicitis very quickly descended from the private to the public ward, and in recent years the lives of so many ordinary people have been saved that the operation has grown scarcely more dignified than that for the removal of adenoids.

Appendicitis has been vulgarized. Influenza still reigns in the happy hearts of society. Indeed, the more hippish and the less honest of its members have lost the art of catching cold altogether. They will catch nothing but influenza, and have conspired together to disguise their common colds under the almost affectionate diminutive, "a touch of flu."

Cannot the medical men devise some better bred epidemic than the common cold? Society might consent to enjoy a royal cold, for instance, or proboscisitis, a name which combines dignity with a nice suggestion of suffering. Coryza, for a time, had a certain vogue among the well-to-do. If only the profession would see the matter in its proper perspective we serious invalids might be permitted to enjoy our influenza without the aggravation of knowing that impostors are sharing in the glory.

* * *

Electoral Rôles

It must mean something that, whereas they say
They "run" for office in the U.S.A.,
The stolid British, on the other hand,
When facing the electors, merely "stand."

B. A. Y.

BOOKING OFFICE

Genius and Melancholy

AT their best Byron's letters are among the most absorbing in the language. Their great variety is matched by their vitality. They were written by a man who, though quickly bored, was as quickly interested, who had time on his hands and a most puncturing wit, and who was a rebel against society at a time when it was worth the satire with which he blistered it. Already their harvest is rich, but that the field still repays cropping is shown by *Byron, A Self-Portrait: Letters and Diaries, 1798-1824*, which has been very well edited by Mr. Peter Quennell. His selection takes Byron all the way from Harrow to Missolonghi, and includes not only the Journals in full but also fifty-six hitherto unpublished letters and many paragraphs pruned by previous editors.

Letters so representative give a clearer impression of their author's character than any cut-and-dried autobiography, drained of spontaneity, could have done. The picture is as vivid a one as you could hope to get of anyone as elusive, as complex and as turbulent as Byron; it is better balanced than that in the Marchesa Origo's "The Last Attachment," which was a fascinating study of his relations with Teresa Guiccioli and of his extraordinary *ménage* with her feudal and radical family, but was diluted, necessarily, by a number of rambling love letters that could only have given pleasure to their recipient.

"If I was born, as the nurses say, with a 'silver spoon in my mouth,' it has stuck in my throat, and spoiled my palate, so that nothing put into it is swallowed with much relish—unless it be cayenne," Byron wrote when he was only twenty-six and already a seasoned traveller, an established poet, and a London lion. Life was too easy, and yet too hard. The dreary dissipation that dogged him from Cambridge onwards, that spurred his melancholy and ruined his digestion—"would I were an ostrich, and dined on fire-irons"—was only one side of his nature; the reverse showed an athlete, a solitary, a spasmodic ascetic. If his income had been larger (it was enormous for those days) he would not have lived so long, he declared, but in the cause of Greek liberation he was cheerfully prepared to squander a fortune. As a husband he was unlucky as he was almost bound to be. These letters prove him to have been at any rate larger-minded after the break than Lady Byron, and they suggest that he was, in his way, a devoted father. As a friend he was appallingly difficult, but so warm-hearted and amusing that even Kinnaird and Hobhouse, through whom he exercised a bellicose control over the persistent confusion of his affairs, stuck to him to the end, as also did "that rugged rhinoceros," John Murray, though besieged by demands more wildly intransigent than any, surely, in the history of publishing, and tetchily held responsible for a supply of such unliterary comforts as corn-plasters and tooth-powders. To write Byron down an aristocratic cad is far too simple; you cannot read these volumes without being won by many

of his qualities, foremost perhaps his generosity. It was typical of him that when Keats died he ordered Murray to cut out some harsh judgments of his work. Keats, by the way, was not his only blind spot as a critic. He thought precious little of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and among the contemporary poets put Scott easily at the summit.

The letters are magnificently descriptive and vastly entertaining. Although the later ones are full of bitterness, his fury often dissolves with volcanic suddenness into a humorous and curiously tender resignation. Among the most revealing are those to Lady Melbourne—"the best friend I ever had in my life, and the cleverest of women"—and best of all is the wonderful account he sent to Murray of his awkward conquest of the baker's wife in Venice. One could quote endlessly from things as good as his report on a cardinal who had called: "He is a fine old fellow, Malvasia by name, and has been rather loose in his youth, without being much tighter in his age. He and I took very kindly to each other."

ERIC KEOWN

Human Forces

As far as vitality is concerned American novelists have certainly established their pre-eminence. The latest example to reach these shores—*The Track of the Cat*, by Walter Van Tilburg Clark—is outstanding for its freshness, sincerity and dramatic qualities. It is a relief to find that the contemporary blights of sophistication, post-war weariness and brittle dialogue do not mar the taut narrative. The reader's mind, indeed, is drawn irresistibly to the wild, snow-bound wastes of the backlands of America: to a world where life is a constant battle against blizzards, wild animals and the more insidious foes of human selfishness, pride



"Take two eggs . . . four tomatoes . . ."

and sexual greed. Yet it is never overdone, nor does Mr. Clark's portrayal of primitive life compare unfavourably with that of the social life of the town. The situations, the conflicts engendered by the background may all be different, but human nature remains the same; and the reader who follows the thoughts and feelings of the drunken old father, the pious old mother, the dreamy Arthur whose mind is awash with dreams, and the fierce Curt, or savours the invidious position of the two girls, will feel a quickening of both sympathy and interest. Mr. Clark can certainly write: the result is an exciting book.

R. K.

Mankind's Epitome

"I think you are near something very glorious, but you will never reach it," a prescient undergraduate told *Monckton Milnes*. "A man of immense acquaintance," Milnes, the Vavasour of "Tancred," reminds one of the Sandford-and-Merton monkeys immobilized by holding fistfuls of lollipops in narrow-necked bottles. For all his contacts and causes he has never had his biographical due. Mr. James Pope-Hennessy has given it him; and the deftest and most entertaining use of a formidable mass of material characterizes the first of three volumes. The Milnes' county-seat near Pontefract, with a headless medieval saint stone-confined in its liquorice-beds, provides origins of befitting eccentricity. And here is a Dissenting constituency's young M.P. voting for the Maynooth grant; the personal friend of Guizot forwarding plans of the Paris fortifications to Peel; the regretted suitor of Florence Nightingale ("life is desolate without his sympathy"); and the generous and accomplished biographer of "a remarkable young poet of the name of Keats."

H. P. E.



Independence and Loyalty

Mr. P. H. Newby's *The Young May Moon* is another step in his progress towards stardom. With steady fertility he is building up a body of work each section of which develops some part of his gift. His tale of love between father and son, between living and dead, between adolescent and environment is soundly constructed; its prose follows the matter with an effortless adjustment of tone, now rich, packed and formal, now admirably loose and discursive. He is completely at home in the novel. Despite his debt to Lawrence, he belongs to the Turgenevs, not the Dostoevskis, of English fiction. His world is no longer the garish, flushed world of the Near East but a chill, bland, cream-coloured one, like frozen milk and honey, with a flavour as oblique as chestnut. His characters, Welsh and English, old and experienced, young and exploring, display the independence and loyalty whose varying proportions in human beings fascinate him.

R. G. G. P.

Tale of an Old Sheepskin Coat

No one not a "hard-boiled" Communist will want to be *Military Attaché in Moscow* after reading Major-General Hilton's spirited monitory account of what happened to him in the Communist Mecca, where "two Spaniards, ardent Communists who had fought against Franco, were caught trying to smuggle themselves out of the country in packing cases." Seen through Major-General Hilton's critical, but not prejudiced, eyes Moscow appears as little more than a gigantic police headquarters, whence its secret agents, like those of the Tsarist Okhrana, infiltrate into every corner of Russian life. Terrorism and tyranny are centuries-old Russian institutions. A third ancient institution—Orthodox Christianity—surprisingly survives to afford Major-General Hilton occasion for some pertinent comments. And an inborn Russian trait still escapes suppression—humour. Witness Krokodil's cartoon (reproduced in the book) to illustrate that world-famous tragicomedy "The Tale of an Old Sheepskin Coat," in which Major-General Hilton unwillingly played a leading part.

I. F. D. M.

Books Reviewed Above

Byron, A Self-Portrait: Letters and Diaries, 1798-1824. Edited by Peter Quennell. (John Murray, two vols. 42/-). *The Track of the Cat.* Walter Van Tilburg Clark. (Gollancz, 10/-).

Monckton Milnes: The Years of Promise, 1809-1851. James Pope-Hennessy. (Constable, 25/-).

The Young May Moon. P. H. Newby. (Cape, 9/-).

Military Attaché in Moscow. Richard Hilton. (Hollis and Carter, 10/-).

Other Recommended Books

Rommel. Desmond Young. (Collins, 12/-) Brilliant and sympathetic biography of the most interesting of Germany's military leaders in the World War. Indispensable to the student of the desert campaign and a generous tribute to a gallant enemy. Illustrated.

Rose Forbes. George Buchanan. (Faber, 9/-) Completion of a novel, part of which appeared in 1937: unusual character-study of a young woman. Highly individual style, spare and undecorated but based on the significant concrete detail, remarkably effective in conveying subtleties.

TURNOAT

SYMPSON'S new overcoat very nearly caused a split in his election committee because the representatives of the Boggle End Ward said that it made him look too prosperous, especially in combination with the sevenpenny cheroots that Sympson affects when canvassing.

"But Boggle End is the wealthiest part of the constituency," Sympson protested, "and one would suppose that prosperous people would like a prosperous-looking Conservative candidate."

Masher, the honorary secretary, looked at Sympson pityingly.

"Your psychology is all wrong," he said. "And you don't understand the spirit of modern Conservatism. The better-off people have been deluged for the past few years with propaganda from all sides designed to convince them that prosperity is sinful. They refuse to admit openly that they have been convinced, but they are troubled about it in their subconscious minds, and so they are liable to vote for a rather shabby-looking candidate. They are soothed by the fact that a son of toil is espousing their cause. I know for a fact that Gumption, the Liberal candidate, has scooped hundreds of members in Boggle End by riding round on a rusty old bicycle and wearing baggy flannel trousers and a raincoat that he appears to have borrowed from a scarecrow."

Sympson sighed.

"Getting into Parliament is a much more complicated business than I had supposed," he said. "That overcoat set me back twenty guineas. But if you absolutely insist I will revert to my old Army greatcoat. The original khaki is beginning to peep through the dark-brown dye that I applied in 1946, but I suppose you would consider that an advantage."

Putnam, who represents the Slugg Street Ward, immediately expressed his intention to resign.

"The election is as good as lost," he said, "if Sympson appears again in that old Army greatcoat. Slugg Street Ward is full of hard-up



"Oh, no, it's never dull here. There's the cinema and the theatre and, of course, the shooting-gallery next door."

people, who have nothing but contempt for a candidate who appears to have been no more successful than themselves in the struggle for existence. The twenty-guinea coat and chain-smoking with one-and-twopenny cheroots is the obvious technique for Slugg Street."

Mrs. Purvis-Steamly (Green Vale Ward) said that she quite agreed with the other two speakers, but the trouble with Green Vale was that it contained extremes of wealth and poverty. There were rich streets, where the twenty-guinea overcoat would send every householder hurtling into the Liberal camp, and poor streets, where the old Army coat

would drive the dubious into the Labour ranks.

In the end, in true Conservative fashion, a satisfactory compromise was reached. In canvassing Slugg Street Ward Sympson will wear the new overcoat, but as he enters the boundaries of Boggle End Ward a member of the committee will be waiting for him with the old Army affair . . .

Green Vale Ward, with its bafflingly uncertain taste in candidates' overcoats, he will canvass only at night, wearing a nondescript coat of mature age kindly lent by a member of the committee.

D. H. BARBER

JOURNEY BY NIGHTLIGHT

MOST of us children will agree that the nightlight, while possibly keeping the commoner ghousties and beasties away from the immediate neighbourhood of the cot at night, seems to attract quite a number of mysterious things into the nursery itself.

If one lies on one's back, for instance, and stares hard through the bars at the foot of the bed one can see an elephant quite plainly. My father, summoned when this was first noticed, pointed out (a) that an elephant could not without extreme difficulty get into the nursery, (b) that it was only my dressing-gown hooked on to the back of the door under my hat, and (c) it would be the last time I went to the Zoo if he had anything to do with it. The answer to this is, of course, that if one's father were to lie down and look for himself, he would be astonished; and the more-experienced-in-these-matters child will agree, incidentally, that when a father is what he calls dummy downstairs he can sometimes be persuaded to sketch a few of the average elephant's habits on the spot.

The nightlight, too, does some

quite funny things to the mantelpiece. As an example, a dwarf sits there all night looking rather like my Aunt Meredith, and yet in the morning the only thing looking even remotely like Aunt Meredith—far less a dwarf—is one of those pin-cushion things which my mother uses for leaning notes to Nanny against.

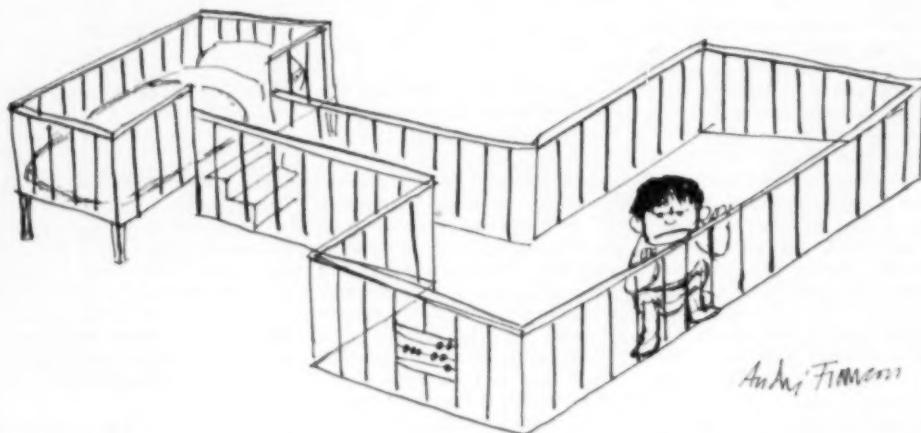
Down from the mantelpiece (if the window curtains are not drawn) and round the corner to the window runs a constant procession of snails and black beetles.

One's father, who begins shouting from halfway up the stairs this time, is not to be put off with the defensive statement that "It-wasn't-you-I-wanted-but-Mummy." Questioned as to whether he can see the procession, he mutters something about "You'll-be-in-bed-at-five-to-morrow-if-I've-anything-to-do-with-it," and rather confusedly points out that these snails and beetles are the light from the street lamp getting mixed up with the branches of the tree outside the window, and thus causing . . .

Causing what? But then fathers will say anything in certain

circumstances, and in cases like this they are not to be believed for a moment. He's not likely to go down and tell my mother that the nursery is plague-ridden. It is here that a skilfully raised question can waste as much time as, say, a stripping of the bed to look for hypothetical crumbs. Such as why do clocks tick more loudly at night than during the day. And why, after a while, the nursery clock disappears altogether, and there's a pirate captain with a long pigtail climbing the nursery wall calling on his crew to follow him. And by now most of us have got round to the elephant again, and the last call will be made deliberately, with knowledge that this time it will certainly be one's mother with either hot milk or a volley of recrimination and threats (depending on her score below the line downstairs, or what one's father has already told her of the position in the nursery).

Anyhow, the chances are that one is pretty well exhausted oneself by now, and one somehow doesn't seem to care very much about pirates and elephants and beetles any more. . . .



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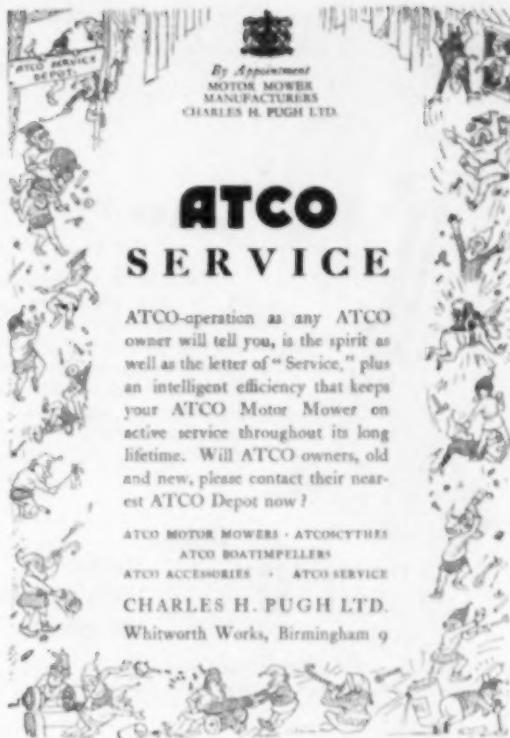
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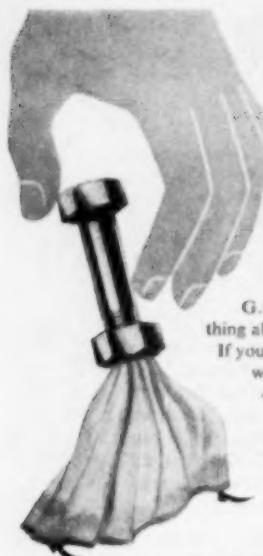


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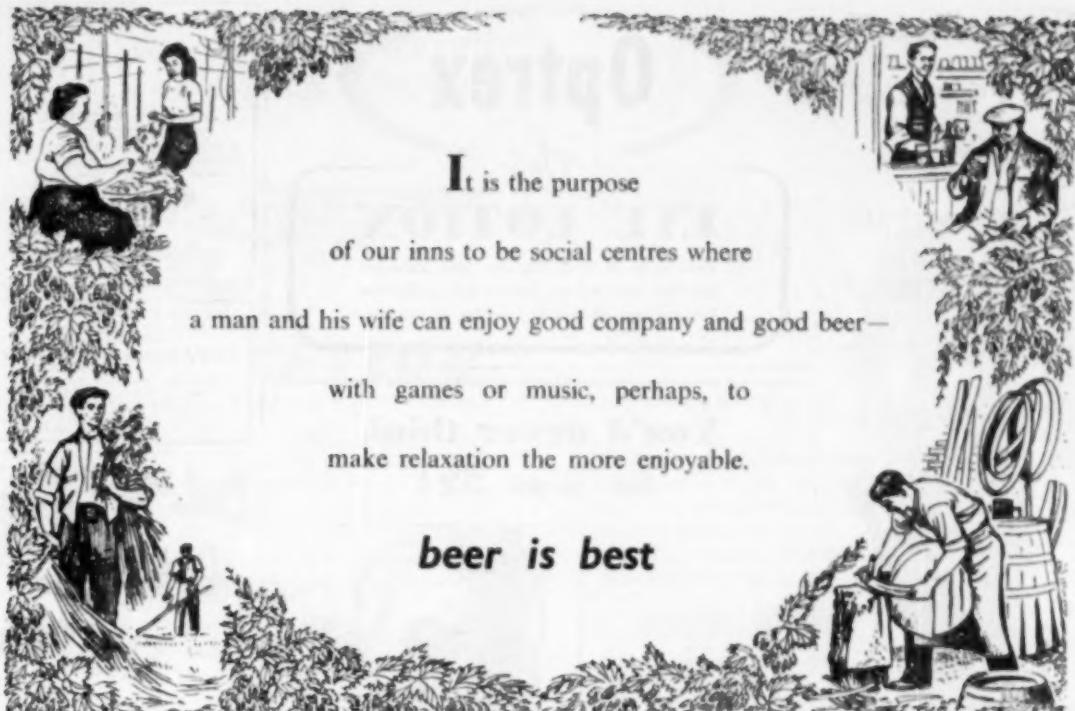
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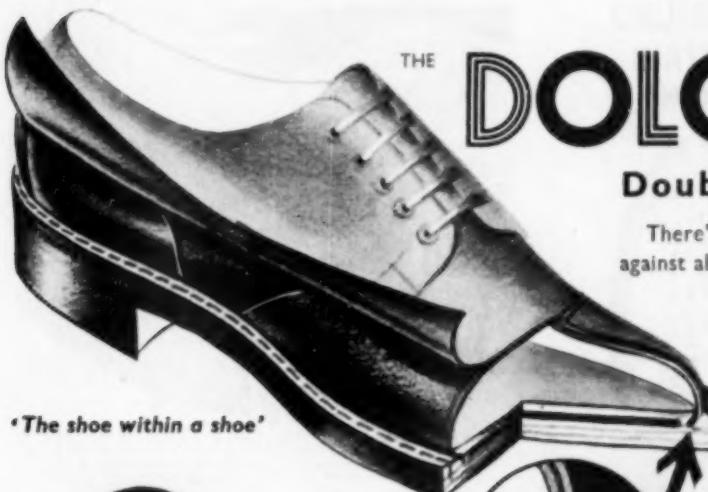
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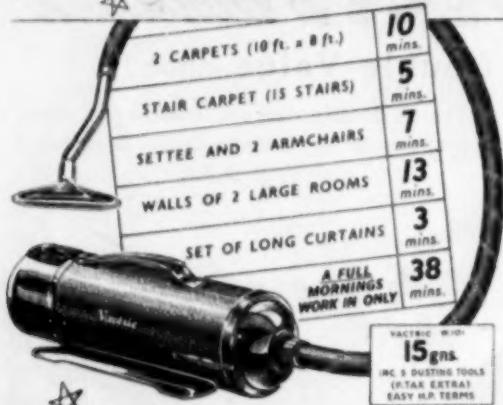
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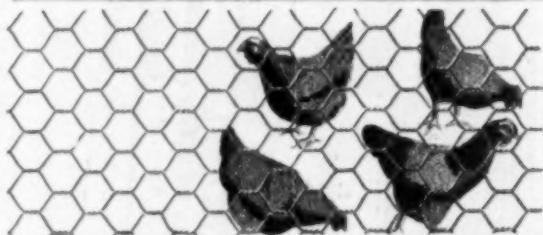


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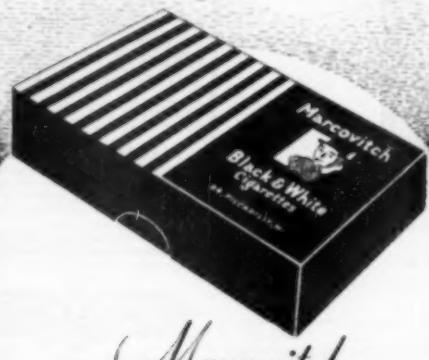
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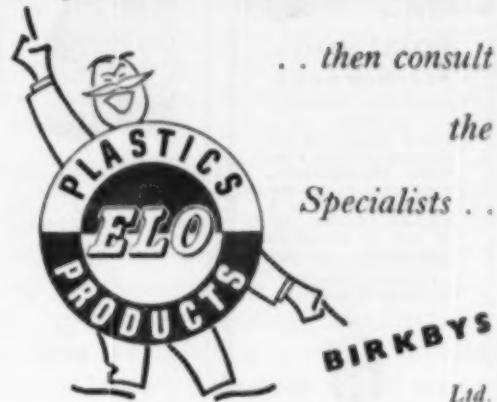


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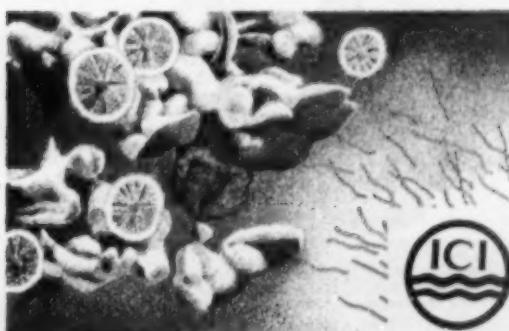
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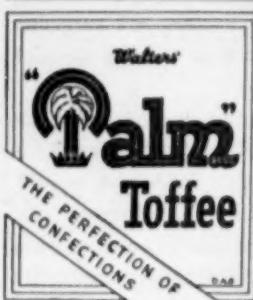
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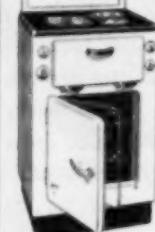
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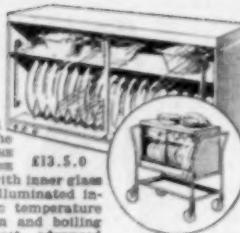
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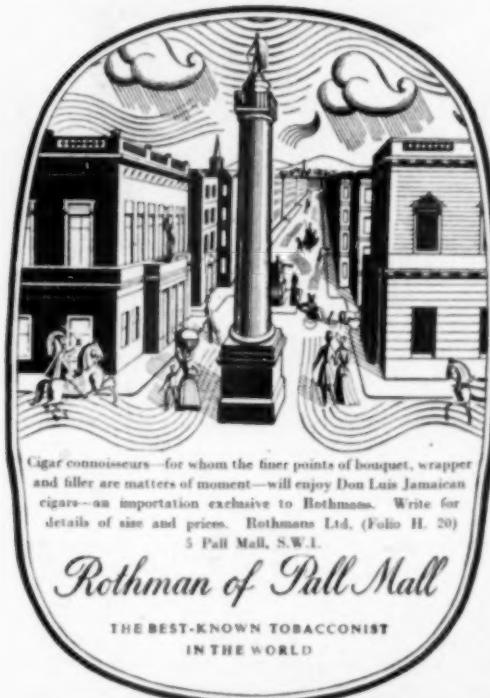
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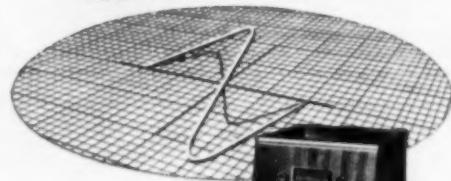


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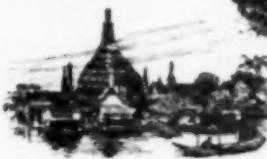


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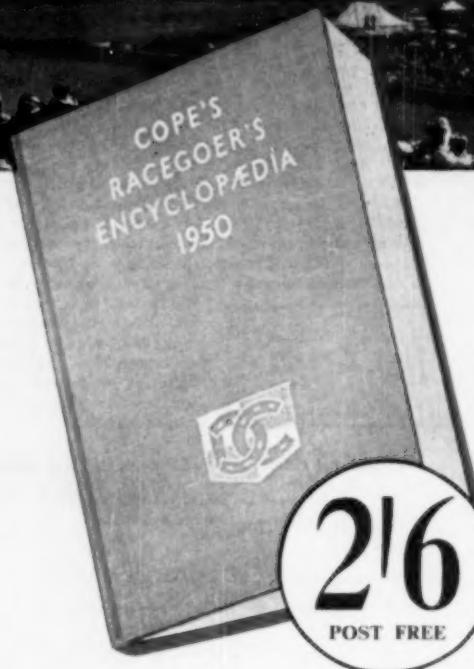
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